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DECEMBER 8, 1978

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About Communist China

NATIONAL REVIEW

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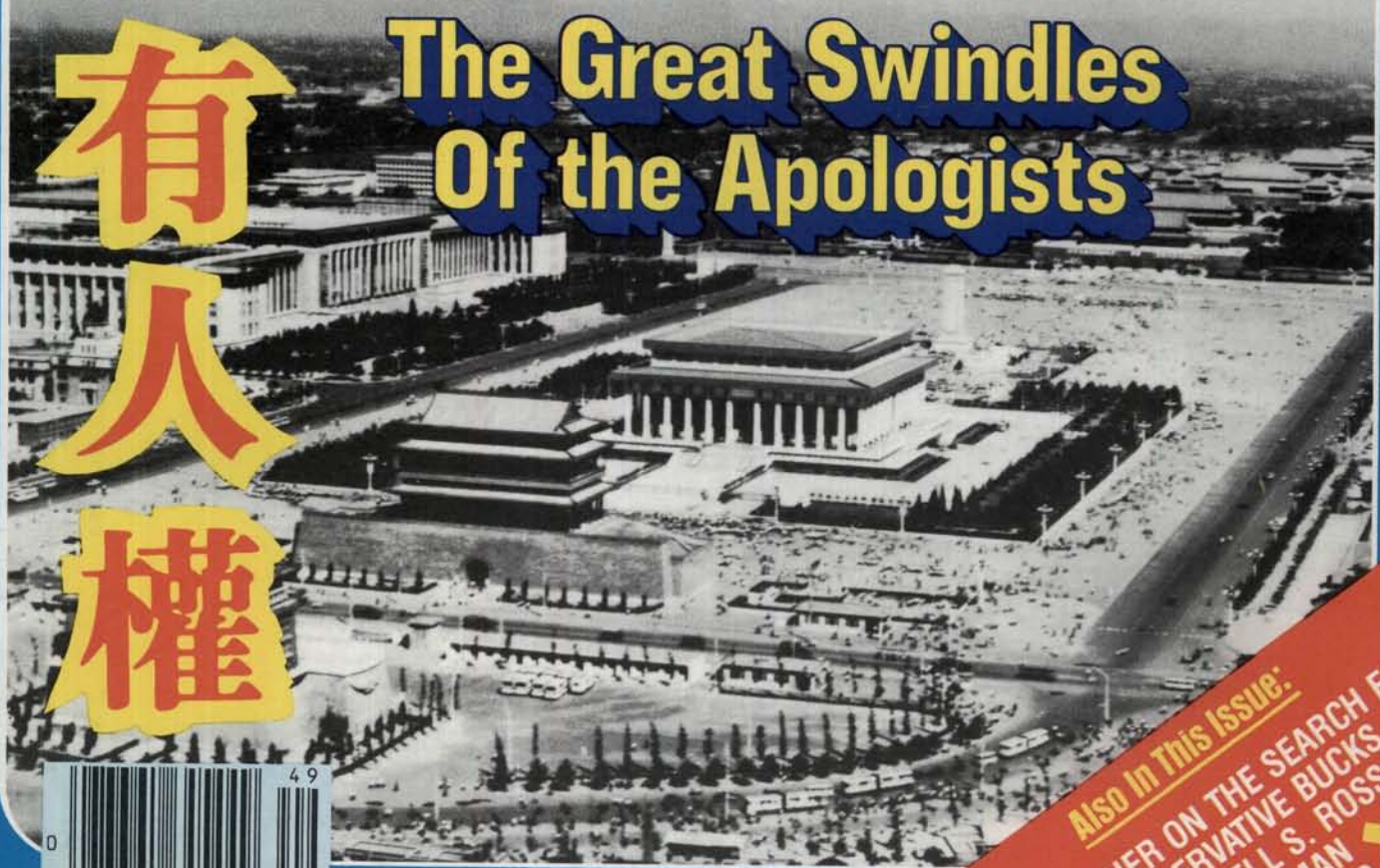

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RUSHER ON THE SEARCH FOR CONSERVATIVE BUCKS ◆ MITCHELL S. ROSS ON TUCHMAN ◆ VIC GOLD ON RUNNING

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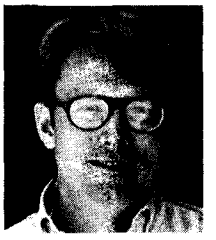

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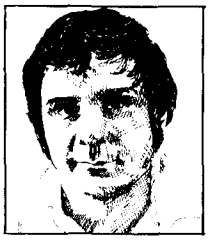

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1530 **A Ten-Year Overview**
Humanae Vitae—yes, that birth-control encyclical—never had a chance in the American press. Nonetheless, an imposing group of scholars recently met in San Francisco to celebrate and meditate on it.
Michael C. Brown

1531 **Raising Conservative Bucks**
The GOP sends fund appeal letters that take unequivocally conservative positions on the issues. Then it fails to mount legislative battles on these very issues—and even gives the solicited funds to liberal Republicans who *oppose* the so-called party position. "The process," says Mr. Rusher, "borders on fraud." *William A. Rusher*

1537 **Human Rights in China**
The usual assumption of liberal, universalistic Westerners is curious: that the human rights we are to militate for in Chile and South Africa, and at least to pine for in the Soviet Union, don't apply to China. Mr. Leys, author of the widely acclaimed *Chinese Shadows*, combines political sophistication with a profound understanding of Chinese tradition; and he finds the notion that the Chinese are critically "different," so different as to be indifferent to personal freedom, simply absurd—not to say racist. It is based on misunderstandings of Chinese culture, history, and, above all, humanity. (This article first appeared in the Australian journal *Quadrant*.) *Simon Leys*

1546 **The Sunset Dawn**
Congress is discovering that sunset laws can help it recover the power it has surrendered to the Executive Branch. The monster bureaucracies may be in for a salutary weeding. *M. Stanton Evans*

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Robert Heilbroner has precipitated a fascinating debate among socialists—fascinating because it parallels a similar debate on the Right. *Dale Vree*

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Barbara Tuchman has turned her keen eye and fine prose on the fourteenth century; she finds the Black Death terribly overrated. *Mitchell S. Ross*

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Miss Rhode Island is a sweet, sharp, funny novel, gorgeously stacked.
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A new anthology proves that James Gould Cozzens, though distinctly unfashionable, was not ungreat. *James A. Epperson*

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The author admits to having done some running, but he doesn't claim to be a better man for it. *Victor Gold*

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Letters

Protecting the Little Guy

Yale Brozen has mounted a strong assault against some of the more outrageous claims of the antitrust bureaucrats ["Antitrust Witch Hunt," Nov. 24]. But I would have enjoyed his exposition even more had I noticed, tucked within the broad polemic, a reference to the fact that antitrust laws do sometimes serve a useful purpose.

Two points in particular concern me about the conservative enthusiasm for corporate efficiency. 1) As thinkers like Peter Berger have noted, a growing trend toward bigness in all areas of American life may be disruptive socially and culturally. Common experience informs us that individuals relate better to smaller groups, where the motivation of personal responsibility is more compelling. An antitrust policy which seeks, prudently, to give opportunity to smaller businesses is desirable in that context.

2) Conservatives will make few political gains by supporting Big Business. In the American mythology, corporate giants are cast as bogeymen—an idea that is related closely to Americans' deep belief in the opportunities available to each Horatio Alger. I am sure Mr. Brozen believes in the myth of Horatio Alger, since it is one of the great instillers of hope in American society. Any attempt at debunking, especially in the name of corporate efficiency, will be rejected at the polls in the name of freer competition.

T. A. Barnicle
Cambridge, Mass.

Triple Replay (Almost)

I hate to dampen Cato's glee ["Letter from Washington," Oct. 27], but the desire for historical accuracy compels me to point out that the Cranes, had they all been elected, would not have been the first congressional triple in our history. Between 1855 and 1861, three of the Washburn brothers served together in Congress.

The Washburns were natives of Maine, and it was from that state that Israel Washburn served for five terms, from 1851 to 1861. Two of his brothers moved to other states: Elihu B. Washburne (that final "e" was his idea) represented Illinois for eight consecutive terms, from 1853 to 1869; and Cadwallader C. Washburn served Wisconsin for three consecutive terms, from 1855 to 1861, then left to become an officer in the Union Army. After the Civil War, he returned to Congress for two more terms, from 1867 to 1871.

The Washburns are particularly notable for the role they played in the founding of the Republican Party. In this work they were joined by yet another brother, Charles A. Washburn, who helped establish the party in California. (He was rewarded for his labors by being made Lincoln's Minister to Paraguay.) So, if the Cranes ever do pull off their triple play (maybe in '80?), they will not be setting a precedent. But at least they will be following a Republican precedent, if that's any consolation.

Ellen Russell
Yonkers, N.Y.

A Military Facelift

I must protest the paragraph ["The Week," Nov. 10] regarding cosmetic surgery performed in military hospitals. If one will concede that there is a place in military medicine for plastic surgeons—and there are many thousands of ex-service personnel leading normal lives because the skill of these doctors saved them from permanent disfigurement—then they must be included in the staffing of military medical departments.

In times of peace, however, there is only random demand for their highly specialized skills, chiefly to treat the victims of automobile, aircraft, shipboard, or field maneuver accidents. Elective cosmetic surgery provides a means whereby they can maintain and sharpen their skills for times of real and urgent need. As military medical staff they will be paid whether or not they perform this work. Thus, to say that they are helping "servicemen's wives look their best at taxpayer expense" is a distortion of fact.

Rear Admiral E. H. Batcheller, Ret.
Washington, D.C.

Golden Fleece

The articles on the gold standard by William Peterson and Alan Reynolds [Oct. 27] shed little light on the controversy. First, precisely what are they arguing about? Do they refer to a fiduciary gold standard in which paper money is convertible into gold and vice versa, but without full backing? Or do they mean government-issued currency fully backed by gold? Or private banking in which gold *is* money, banks issue bank notes as warehouse receipts for gold, and the government's activities are confined to enforcing laws against fraud and force? This is not made clear in either article, and any discussion is meaningless if the issue is not defined.

Second, both authors make the mistake of separating the gold *v.* paper contro-

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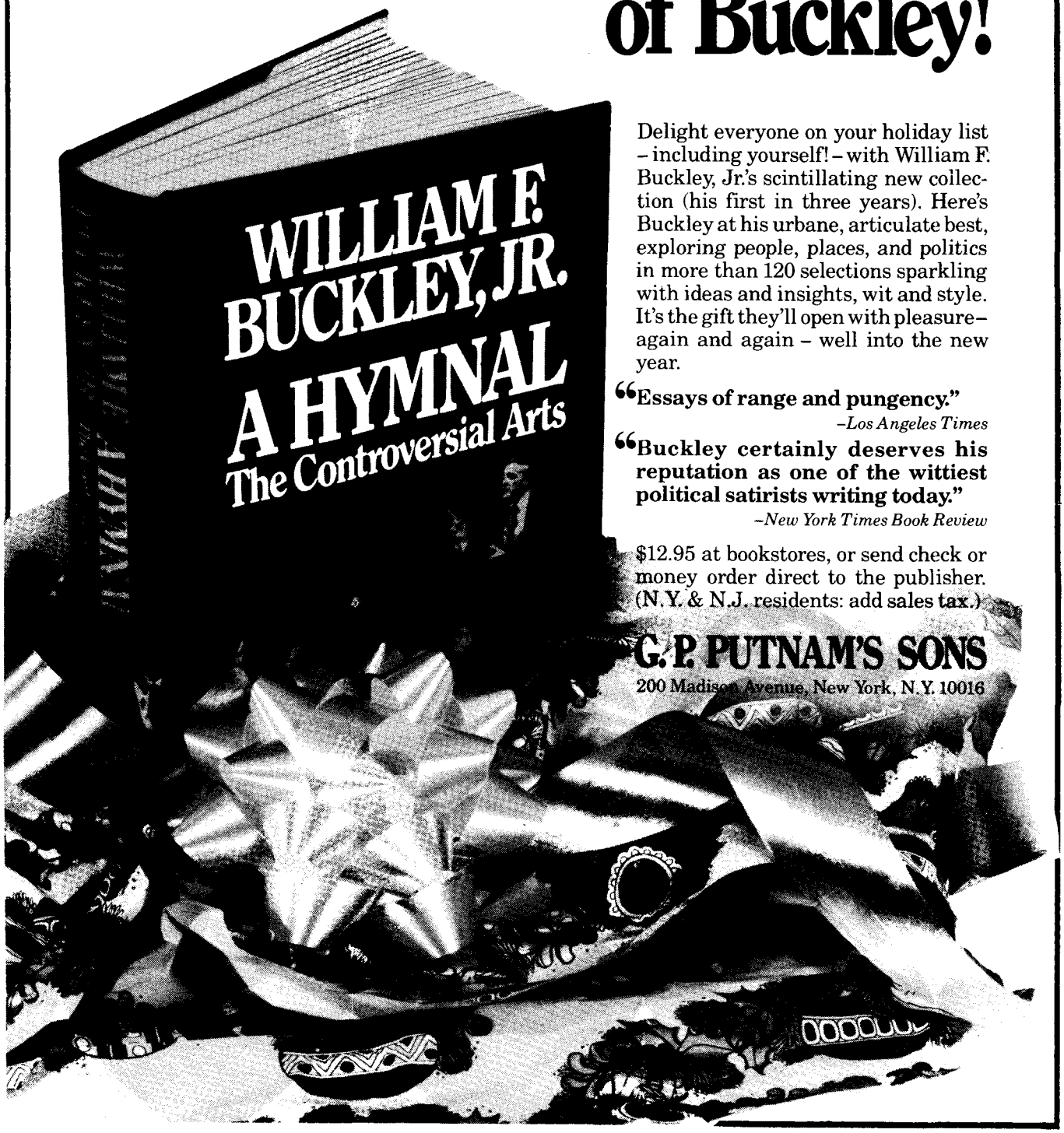

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versy from a wider ideological context. Their focus on technical details diverts attention from the issues of individual rights and the proper role of government in a free society. Even if the gold standard were only one of several methods of eliminating inflation, it (at least the private-banking gold standard) would still be the most compatible with individual rights because it is the furthest removed from government control of money and credit, and of the whole economy.

The paper *v.* gold controversy is being argued in the wrong context and, in a way, at the wrong time. Since technical obstacles prohibit a real (private-banking) gold standard in a mixed economy, the gold standard should not be a high priority for those who seek freedom. The first priority should be the philosophical changes necessary to eliminate statism and other forms of force from human relationships. As these changes occur, one of the last reforms, occurring before the abolition of all taxation but after the elimination of HEW, will be the establishment of the gold standard.

Kevin J. Kock
St. Louis, Mo.

No Conservative He

Is the Ron Sarasin whose "attractive, conservative candidacy" Anthony R. Dolan praised ["A Touch of Ginger," Oct. 27] the same Ron Sarasin who, in a news interview carried by WICC radio (Bridgeport) the day the 95th Congress adjourned, expressed his great satisfaction over the extension of CETA and the passage of Humphrey-Hawkins?

Bruce E. Goldman
Fairfield, Conn.

The Real Inflator

James L. Johnston's article on inflation ["On Teaching Grasshoppers to Lip-Read," Oct. 13] was excellent so far as it went. But it did not identify the seminal cause of inflation. There seems to be a consensus among independent economists that the bad fiscal and monetary policy of the Federal Government is the basic cause of ever-rising prices. But let's go a step further. Why do Congress, the Federal Reserve Board, and the Executive Branch follow these erroneous courses of action? Because they are unable to withstand the demands of special interests. We all know who these are: the farmers, the educationists, the labor unions, the urban-black coalition, some segments of business, the environmentalists, the veterans, the elderly, welfare groups, and so on.

The pressures from special interests constitute the Achilles heel of democracy itself, as was pointed out by Kingman Brewster, a certified liberal, in a significant speech about three years ago. Democracy becomes corrupted at the core

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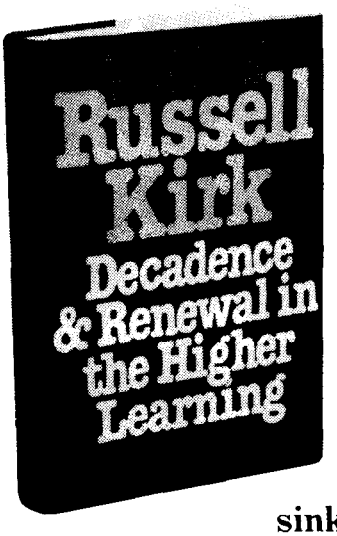

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Evans

when so many people tend to vote for politicians who will give them money and favors. We need a constitutional amendment limiting tax and borrowing increases to a rate no higher than the rate of growth of the real net national product. Our leaders need help as much as they need censure.

John H. Harwood
Birmingham, Mich.

Special Issues

Wm. F. Buckley Jr. has taken issue with "Single Issue Voting" ["On the Right," Nov. 10]. Of course he is right regarding most single issues. But when anti-abortion people vote against a candidate because of his abortion stand, they are usually voting a multitude of issues. As I see it, if a candidate cannot be trusted to protect the life of an innocent child, he cannot be trusted to serve the public on any other issue. So if this be a single issue, it is an issue of trust.

Robert W. Rardin
Bolingbrook, Ill.

A Short Story

The passing of novelist James Gould Cozzens ["The Week," Oct. 13] recalls a short story of his which appeared back in the Thirties in *Collier's*, if I remember correctly. It was called "Success Story," and was told by an engineer working on a construction job for a sugar company on a Caribbean island.

One of the narrator's colleagues, "Richards," was a terrible engineer whose work had to be checked constantly; but when the two young men were assigned to take the head of the sugar company around the project, Richards was the one who knew the answer to every question. When they were alone, the narrator predicted serious trouble for Richards when his phony answers were revealed. Richards replied that by the time the executive really needed the answers, he'd have forgotten those which Richards had given him, but would remember what a bright young man he was. The narrator didn't believe this then, but some time later he read that Richards had been elected to the board of directors of the sugar company, while he himself was still doing construction work.

It was only a one-page story, but a book might have been written about the philosophies involved.

Ronald J. Berkhimer
Walnut Creek, Calif.

See p. 1552.

Orwell Again

Concerning the comment in "The Week" [Sept. 1] about the *Trentonian* considering it a giveaway to let people keep their own money: for quite some time now the IRS has considered untaxed income as an ex-

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penditure. Even senators speaking on tax reform use the IRS language. Language usage reflects and determines thought, belief, behavior. Speak (think) of untaxed income as a giveaway or expenditure and we'll soon reach in fact a condition which at one time was referred to only jokingly: "I'll send all my money to Uncle Sam, then ask him for what I need."

Sam Venturella
Chicago, Ill.

More Catholic Than the Pope

Lest readers conclude that only those institutions mentioned by Fr. Slattery ["Catholic with a Capital C," Aug. 18] are worthy of the name Catholic, an impression he surely would not wish to give, it should be said that amidst the general secularization a number of new Catholic schools have arisen which are not at all confused about their identities and purposes. Their heroic struggle is an inspiration to those who know them. Among these institutions are Thomas Aquinas College near Los Angeles, Cardinal Newman College near St. Louis, and Christendom College near Washington, D.C.

Joseph T. Gill
Palatine, Ill.

Indirect Freedom

I noticed ["The Week, Oct. 27] that some corporations are considering whether it would be possible for them to endow chairs of economics in universities. However, junior professors are usually employed on the strength of recommendations from department seniors, and department seniors in such subjects as economics and social science are not known for being open-minded. It will be difficult for a corporation to find a first-rate university which would accept a grant that restricted their department heads' right to choose what individual they would bring into the faculty. It occurs to me, however, that corporations could accomplish their goal indirectly by offering the money to, for example, the Foundation for Economic Education at Irvington-on-Hudson. That organization might be able in turn to place intelligent and able younger professors by offering grants of money to any university that would employ them.

Gardiner Hawkins
Beaufort, S.C.

Erratum

In a letter on the Papacy ["Letters," Nov. 10] Mr. Joseph Jacques wrote that "Pacelli did not convene Vatican II, did not chair its sessions, did not ratify its decrees, did not vandalize the Mass, did not shoot the Saints out of the Calendar, etc." In the editing of the letter, "Pacelli" emerged as "Pope John," who was, in fact, Roncalli. Pacelli was Pius XII. We apologize for the error.

If you...

...contributed to Nixon's presidential campaigns and wonder where the money went

...want to know how the milk scandal cost John Connally the presidency

...want to know what Watergate prosecutions were bungled

...want the truth about Robert Vesco's $250,000 "payoff"

...wonder what companies gave Nixon's campaign "hot" money, and whether any of it was "laundered" in Mexico

...are curious about how Nixon's political comeback was staged in 1968

...want to know if campaign contributions "bought" ambassadorships

...would like to know if extortion was used to raise Nixon's campaign funds

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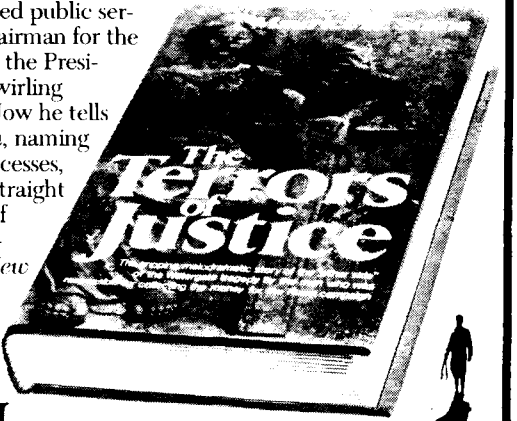

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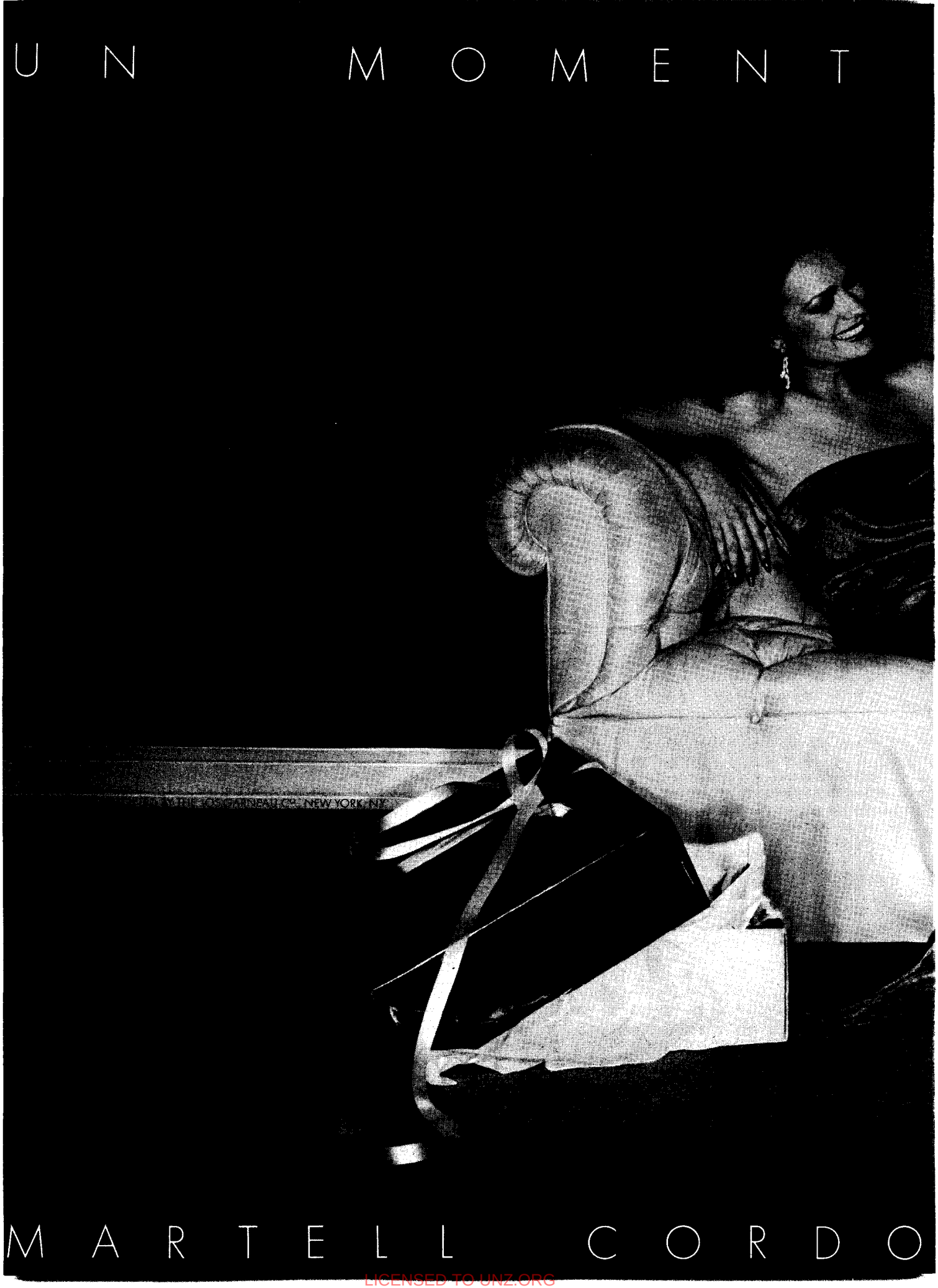
UN MOMENT



MARTELL CORDO

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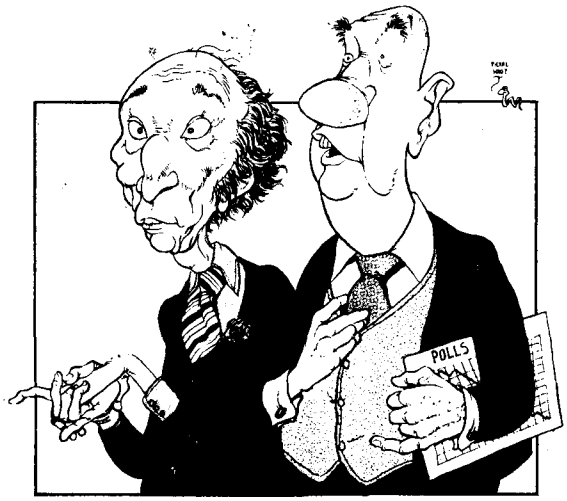
FOR THE RECORD

■ **Election '78** had one major theme—cut federal taxes, cut federal spending. But what actually happened to the big spenders at the polls? On April 15, 1977, *NR* published a study of the big spenders in the House, listing a dozen congressmen who had voted for measures which, if enacted, would have increased the federal budget of that year by $400 billion. Nine of the dozen ran this year; all nine—**Stephen Solarz**, **Frederick Richmond**, **John M. Murphy**, **Elizabeth Holtzman** of New York; **Augustus Hawkins**, **Don Edwards**, **James Corman** of California; **Robert Roe** of New Jersey; and **Thomas Ashley** of Ohio—were re-elected. *NR* also published the list of the top initiators of lavish spending schemes, including many of the above-mentioned (Murphy, Solarz, Edwards, Richmond), plus three others who ran this year and were also re-elected: **Richard Ottinger**, N.Y., **Peter Rodino**, N.J., and **Robert Drinan**, Mass. One of the big spending initiators on *NR*'s list did not run in '78, having retired to greener pastures where, as mayor, he oversees the fiscal fortunes of New York City: former congressman **Edward Koch**.



Uluschak, *Edmonton Journal* Rothco

"Your credibility needs bolstering—better start making more empty promises."

■ In the **Senate**, the Republican leadership now holds 41 seats, one more than needed to defeat cloture moves, a not-unimportant gain. . . . But who will provide that leadership? Most Hill-wise analysts think **Howard Baker** will win re-election as Minority Leader easily—there probably will be no contest—but conservative Sen. **Harrison Schmitt** of New Mexico is expected to challenge liberal Sen. **Ted Stevens** of Alaska for Whip, and Sen. **James McClure** of Idaho, another conservative, says he'll run against moderate Sen. **Robert Packwood** of Oregon for chairman of the Senate Republican Conference, a post held by retiring conservative **Carl Curtis**. . . . In the House, Rep. **Thomas Kindness** (Ohio), has announced he'll challenge liberal Rep. **John Anderson** (Ill.) for chairman of the House Republican Conference, the Number Three spot there.

■ Back in 1975, **John Gardner**, **Common Cause**, **Ralph Nader**, and consumerist and liberal lobbies were all beating the drums for electoral reform, and a law was passed. Individual contributions to political campaigns were severely limited, and the **PACs** (Political Action Committees) were born. Today, 1,800 PACs later, these same liberal groups are wondering whether it wasn't all a terrible mistake. Says **Russell Hemenway**, National Director of the Committee for an Effective Congress: "We may have inadvertently created a real monster." Says **Fred Wertheimer** of Common Cause: "What we're headed for is the United PACs of America." . . . **Big Labor** found that the PACs were instrumental in countering its influence: of the 32 candidates Labor endorsed in the Senate, only 14 won.

■ The **White House** is cranking up two important campaigns right now. First it's putting together the shell of an organization looking to the 1980 elections. According to *Christian Science Monitor*, the plan now is for **Jimmy Carter** to run in every primary. The *Monitor* quotes a senior White House aide as saying, "We haven't spent five minutes thinking about the Republicans." Present strategy centers on **Jerry Brown** and **Ted Kennedy**. . . . Carter & Co. were dampened by **NBC-AP election poll** that showed 43 per cent of the voters thought Carter should not run again; only 36 per cent thought he should. . . . Other major campaign is the selling of SALT II, with **Anne Wexler** and **Jerry Rafshoon** expected to mastermind the operation. . . . **Alan Cranston** (Calif.) will be field manager for the pro-SALT forces in the Senate against the **Henry Jackson** forces. The Administration lost three to five sure pro-SALT votes on November 7. . . . One help—the new Congress will see liberal **Frank Church** as head of the Foreign Relations Committee in place of **John Sparkman**, who is retiring.

■ In Austin, Texas, a judge is having his troubles getting together a jury to try a libel case against **Madalyn Murray O'Hair**, the atheist activist. A first panel of fifty jurors included 39 who disapproved of her, eight who were neutral, only three who approved.

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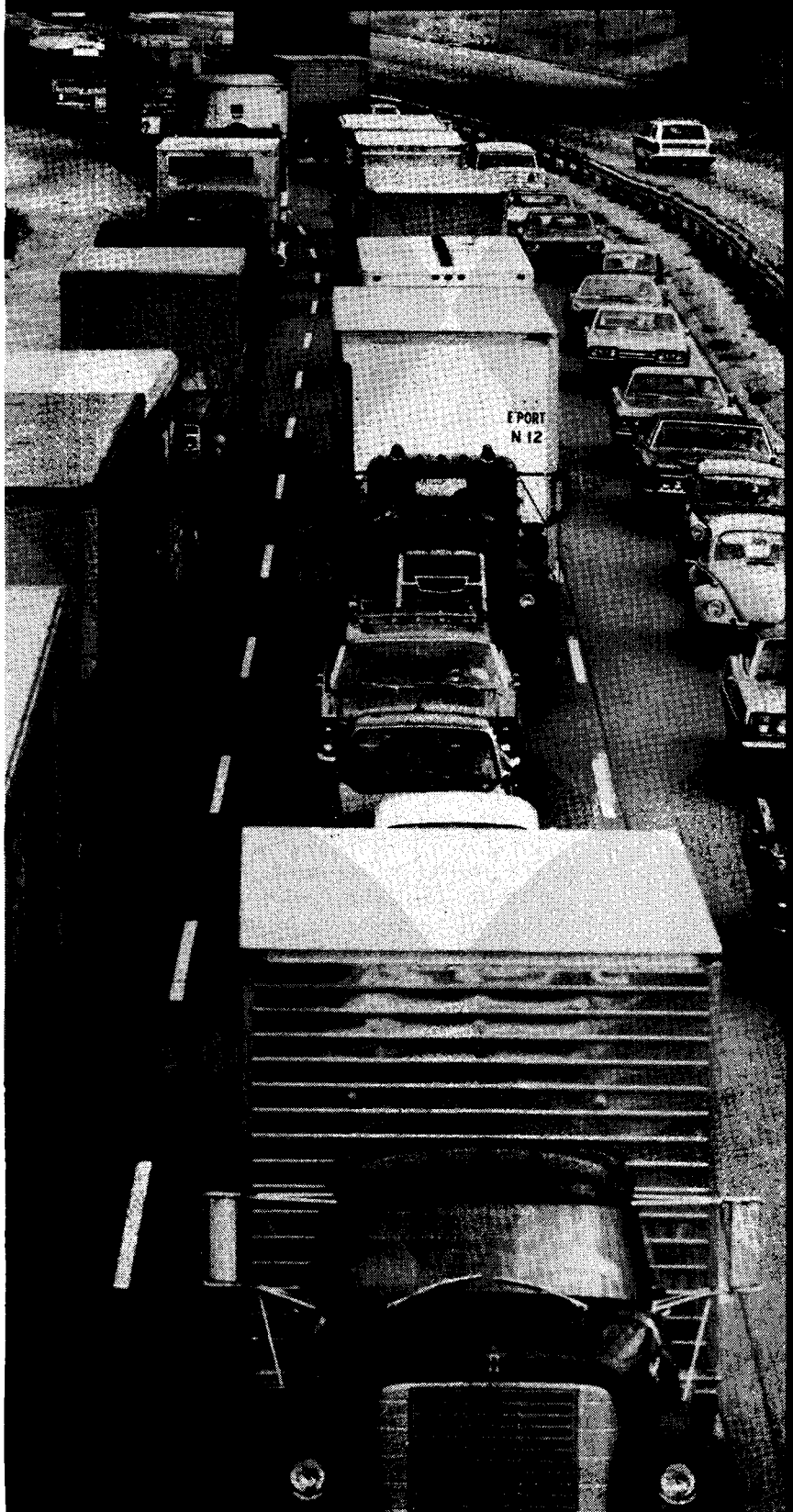
Myth:
Truck traffic can move only on the highways.



Fact:
More than two million truckloads moved by railway last year.

Piggybacking—the movement of truck trailers or containers by rail—is the fastest-growing part of the railroad business. It set a new record in 1977 and it's now our second-largest source of traffic—next to coal.

The piggyback concept has come of age. Better yet, it has generated a wealth of innovations and improvements. Containerized cargo destined for foreign countries now moves across America by rail. New designs in flatcars are saving fuel and increasing loads. Truck trailers that actually ride either roads or rails with two separate sets of wheels are being tested.

This is good news for the railroads, but it's better news for the consumer and the nation. Many piggyback trains move their cargo with about half the fuel that would be required by trucks to move the same goods.

Usually there's a cost saving in piggyback shipments, too, with the advantage of fast, long-distance travel and expedited door-to-door delivery service.

Because these truckloads travel on the railroads, not the highways, the motoring public enjoys a greater degree of safety and less congestion, while damage to the highway system is reduced.

Not all trucks can move by train, but thousands more are doing so every year. And the ones that do aren't leaving potholes in your favorite road. For more information, write:
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How many of the questions they ask (and answers they demand) are really necessary? How much information do they already have about us? Where did they get it? How accurate is it? And how freely do they exchange it among themselves?

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Because these questions worry so many Americans today, Ætna wants to tell you how we are committed to doing business when you come to an Ætna agent or broker for personal insurance:[1]

We'll ask you for the information we need, and no more. We'll tell you what data we're after, how we intend to get it and from whom. If we turn you down, we'll tell you *why.* (And we *won't* turn you down just because someone else has.)

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And we'll go out of our way not to pass on information about you without permission.[3]

By openly discussing our policies on privacy, we hope to encourage action among governmental and private organizations. And to insure this, we support both voluntary and legislative measures as recommended by the federal government's Privacy Protection Study Commission.[4]

Today the burden of proof rests upon business and government to show that we deal fairly and openly with private citizens. Don't underestimate your own influence in helping to protect your personal privacy. Use it as we are trying to use ours.

Ætna is protecting your privacy.

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1 When any state law requires us to act differently, naturally, we must comply.

2 "Respond" means: If we are wrong, we'll correct the error by informing our source and anyone else you request who received the misinformation from us in the past two years. If we conclude our information is correct, we'll tell you so. If you ask, we'll even put your disagreement in the record. We'll also distribute that statement of disagreement in the same way as we would correct an error.

3 Occasionally, sound business reasons dictate exceptions (and we let you know what they are in advance). For example, Ætna will provide information needed by those selling or servicing our policies, for fraud prevention, or when required by law.

4 The federal Privacy Act of 1974 which established controls over the federal government's use of personal information, also created the Commission to explore the need for similar restraints on local governments and businesses. Ætna's President, William O. Bailey, served on this commission and the conclusions it arrived at are the basis for Ætna's privacy policy.

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THE WEEK

■ A "senior official" of the Carter Administration has explained why the anti-inflation fight must be geared to the ups and downs of the economy: "You can't sit on your hands if a recession is developing because you don't know where the bottom is." Actually you can find the bottom every time by simply moving your hands behind you and then, while holding them together, bringing them forward in a grabby gesture. *Voilà*: gluteus maximus. If a recession looms, *release your grip* before sitting. Then, with one of your free hands, dial the Oval (Egg-Shaped) Office and proclaim: "I've found it!" This technique works equally well with junior officials, lady economists, and other disadvantaged minorities. When used in conjunction with deep breathing and regular outdoor exercise, it may cause cancer in rats. Grabbing more than one at a time is a violation of the antitrust law. Short-term losses may not be used to offset long-term gains. Sudden, unexpected movements may run you afoul of the ecological people. More later . . .

■ If you read the *Minneapolis Tribune*'s Minnesota Poll, then you were surprised by the Republican sweep in the last election. Those who conducted the Minnesota Poll were even more surprised by the way it appeared in the *Minneapolis Tribune*, since the raw figures of the pollsters correctly predicted the results. Now Research Information Center of Phoenix has cut all ties with the liberal *Tribune*, charging that "somebody on the paper played around with the figures." The *Tribune* replied that it only did what it does every election, making minor adjustments to account for changes in the response of the sample. Increasingly minor adjustments may be in order. Three days before the election, the *Tribune* reported Governor Rudy Perpich leading Albert Quie by four percentage points. The pollsters had shown Quie ahead by three (he won by six). The *Tribune* also showed incumbent Wendell Anderson in a dead heat with Rudy Boschwitz for the Senate. The pollsters put Boschwitz up by seven percentage points (he won by 15). The *Tribune* got one race right, showing Republican David Durenberger beating Democrat Bob Short. Pollsters, voters, and the *Tribune* all gave Durenberger a 14-point margin of victory. Don't believe everything you read.

■ COGNITIVE DISSONANCE DEPT.: Abortions are going to happen anyway, so we might as well make sure they're safe, right? Well, they've been legal for five years now, but there are still a few kinks in the great reform. In Washington, Dr. Robert J. Sherman is on trial for the death-by-infection of one of his patients, whose aborted child he apparently didn't bother to remove. And the *Chicago Sun-Times* is running a huge exposé of that city's abortion biz. It seems that unsanitary and botched abortions are common. Some are performed fraudulently —i.e., on women who aren't even pregnant. At least 12 women have died as a result of the assembly-line procedures common in that city, which has made abortion far more "efficient"—and profitable—than it could ever have been before legalization. The power of the profit motive is such that telephone operators at one clinic get a $5 commission for every customer they line up: "We have to corral the patients," said one doc. "Our fiscal year ends in September, so go the extra mile." So much for "counseling" and "referral" services. As H. B. Miller of New Jersey's *Trentonian* remarks: "It looks like the abortion shysters are here to stay. But at least we've gotten them out of those dirty back alleys and into penthouse suites."

■ The minimum wage, first legislated in 1938, has reduced the number of people holding jobs, has lowered the average pay of the lowest-income groups, and has fallen with particular harshness on the young. All this, and more, is argued in *Minimum Wages: Issues and Evidence*, by Finis Welch, a UCLA economist, published by the American Enterprise Institute. Sooner or later the government will have to face the empirical evidence that minimum-wage laws don't work. And even if the government acted tomorrow, its response would be woefully tardy. Just for starters, one might go back to Arthur Burns's *The Management of Prosperity*, published 12 years ago and reviewed in *NR*, June 14, 1966, which included this forecast: "In the absence of any change in the general state of the economy, another increase of 25 cents in the minimum wage would be likely to raise the unemployment rate of nonwhite teenagers by as much as eight percentage points." Pretty much on target: since then the minimum wage has risen from $1.25 to $2.65 and unemployment among nonwhites has risen from 25 per cent to around 40 per cent. We now have forty years of evidence that the minimum-wage laws don't work. Do we need Lizzie Borden to axe them down?

■ The Nielsen survey reveals that network election return coverage produced the worst (ABC), second-worst (NBC), and third-worst (CBS) television ratings of all the programs shown a fortnight ago. There you have it: proof.

■ The London *Mining Journal* (November) discusses the once almighty dollar with impressive disdain: "Looking to the longer-term future, the day of the dollar's international dominance is beginning to end. As sterling gave up its reserve asset role, so too, in turn, the dollar must eventually give way to a portfolio of reserve assets which will probably include a number of the other major currencies and, significantly, gold. . . . This general background is probably the best guarantee of the main-

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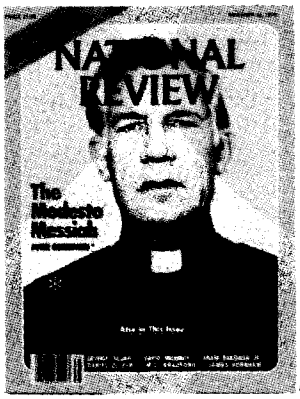
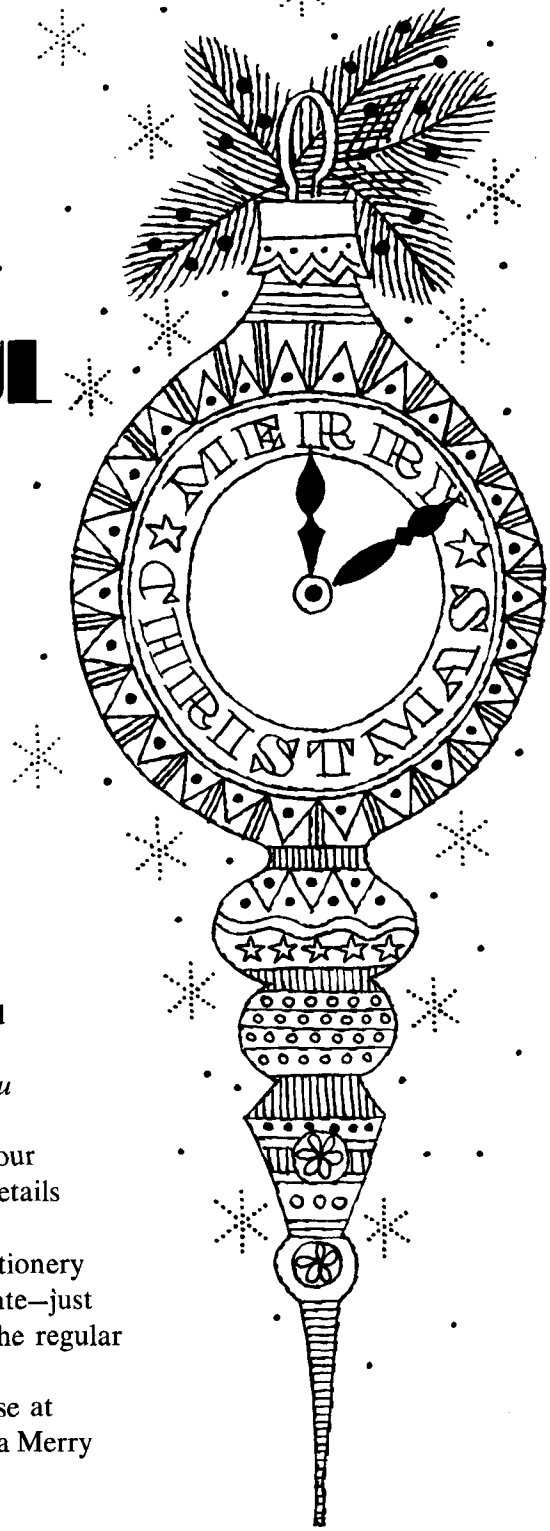
It's Never Too Late...



FOR A REALLY THOUGHTFUL CHRISTMAS GIFT



It's getting close to Christmas now but you can *still* give *National Review,* the gift without a time limit. *NR* is *one* present that will be enjoyed throughout the coming year. It's just the thing to take care of those nagging last minute shopping problems and a great idea for the hard-to-please people on your list. Just as soon as we receive the order card (opposite) with your instructions we'll rush a handsome gift announcement to your recipient immediately (*you* indicate how you want it to read).

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Our old friend Jimmy Cannon, the lambent New York sportswriter, used to produce an occasional feature under the rubric, "What they really meant." The idea was to X-ray the bromidic statements of sports personalities for their underlying meanings. For instance, if the baseball skipper were to say of his fireballing ace, "His off-speed stuff has been working real good," what he really meant was, "The bum's arm has died and I'm worried sick." Or if the coach were to say of his high-living quarterback, "What the man does off the field is his own business," what he really meant was, "The kid's a threat to society, but whaddaya want me to do, he throws the ball eighty yards on a clothesline."

In the Cannon spirit, then, we approach the post-mortem analysis by one of our favorite professional tribes, the pollsters. If we've heard it once, we've heard it a hundred times in the last fortnight: "The contemporary electorate is extremely volatile." What they really meant, we submit, was: "We'd better find out where the hell we went wrong. This fiasco could blow the whole scam."

Take the case of poor Thomas McIntyre, senior senator from New Hampshire. While readers of this journal held him in no special esteem—his long career, after all, was a sustained assault on the Constitution of the United States and the currency of its citizens—they will quickly concede that the man deserved better than he received at the hands of the pollsters.

Here's the story of poor McIntyre. After a conscientious, some would say dogged, 16 years of service to his constituents and their regional superstitions, McIntyre had succeeded in scaring off serious opposition to his re-election. Even Governor Meldrim Thomson, a politician of the four-yards-and-a-cloud-of-dust persuasion, opted for discretion and a statehouse race. A lesser man than McIntyre would have settled into complacency. But he geared up for the race as if he were battling Glen Stunning. First class all the way, he said. Get me Pat Caddell, he said, the President's pollster! Caddell, for one arm now and a leg later, made himself available. Tell me, Caddell, asked poor McIntyre, am I going to make it? Things look good, chief, things look good, said Caddell.

Indeed, things looked so good that by the middle of October Caddell was able to report to his client that it was 59.5 per cent for McIntyre and 30 per cent for Gordon Humphrey. Beyond the mere numbers, according to the *Washington Post*, poor McIntyre was informed that his support was both "deep" and "firm." The computers relied upon by the President of the United States himself could detect no movement to Humphrey. It was presumably unremarked, but the possibility must have hung heavy in the air at his campaign headquarters that poor McIntyre was on the brink of the largest victory ever recorded in the state of New Hampshire.

As the evening of November 7 darkened into nightfall, poor McIntyre kept changing channels, trying to find a network that would speak sense to the American people. But Walter, John, and Frank were all hooked up to the wrong computer, and the verdict was unanimous—Humphrey the winner. (Humphrey aides were almost as surprised as poor McIntyre. By the time the networks had elected him, most of Humphrey's supporters had already gone home to bed.)

■ Other wise sayings from pollsters in the season just past: Peter Hart, another Democratic pollster, found Iowa voters divided 57 per cent for Senator Dick Clark and 27 per cent for Republican Roger Jepsen on October 6. Former Senator Clark is still waiting for the rural vote. . . . In early Minnesota trial heats, Hart had Representative Don Fraser topping Robert Short for the Democratic nomination for senator by 67 to 16. Short won. . . . Caddell reported to his client Senator Floyd Haskell a week before the election that his race was a toss-up. Senator-elect Bill Armstrong won in a landslide.

■ Our own analysis of the new Senate is somewhat less bullish than those published elsewhere. We see more of a shift to the Center than a shift to the Right. On the Democratic side of the aisle, three tough, senior conservatives will be missed—McClellan, Eastland, and Allen. With the just-possible exception of Boren of Oklahoma, there is no chips-down conservative among the new Democratic senators. On the GOP side, four dependable conservatives will go (Curtis, Bartlett, Hansen, and Scott) and only three arrive (Armstrong, Jepsen, and Humphrey).

Two other GOP newcomers—Warner of Virginia and Cochran of Mississippi—campaigned as conservatives, but nobody here is counting their conversion as true vocation. The enigmas—the kind of people at whom the needle will come to rest on a make-or-break SALT vote—will be Boschwitz of Minnesota, Simpson of Wyoming, Stewart of Alabama, and Boren. Keep your eye on them. —CATO

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tenance of gold's value in the long term. . . . Perhaps it will not be too long before America's auctions are seen as the monetary gold sales of a debtor nation seeking to correct its adverse balance of payments—a classical situation." It's a tragedy that Washington thinks this country deserves no better than a monetary policy suited to a banana republic.

■ On the weekend of November 18 the National Tax Limitation Committee held a two-day workshop in Nashville, Tennessee, home state of the first successful constitutional tax-limitation campaign. About two hundred leaders from around the country attended. Significant progress was made on the drafting of an amendment to the federal Constitution providing for a control over the rate of growth of federal taxing and spending. The draft will be circulated to all members of the Congressional Advisory Committee in December (all members of Congress are invited to join). The final draft, with supporting documents and notes, will be submitted to the Congress when it convenes in January.

■ As is well known, the neutron bomb is that uniquely capitalist instrument of death which kills people with

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radiation, while leaving property untouched. Socialist bombs, on the other hand, kill people too with explosions. ("Why being incinerated in addition to being radiated is a moral advantage eludes me," Henry Kissinger has remarked.) But now Leonid Brezhnev has admitted —in the course of a rambling, fifty-minute monologue to visiting American senators—that the Soviet Union once tested its very own neutron bombski. "There is lots of talk about the neutron bomb," were Brezhnev's exact words. "Many years ago, our tester, Korolyov, tested that bomb. No, it was Academician Korolyov, the physicist. In his day he tested that. We tested but we never started production of that weapon." Possibly the Soviet president is aging less well than we thought. More likely, the Soviets did test a high-radiation shell, and simply decided that, since the bomb is primarily a defensive antitank weapon, and since they intended to be neither short on tanks, nor on the defensive, they could do without it (except as a propaganda weapon—which has turned out to be a lot cheaper, and almost equally effective).

■ The long dominion of the Somoza family is drawing to a close in Nicaragua, and it looks as if the current czar, Anastasio, will go down with guns blazing. The opposition comes in two colors: True Blue for the coalition of businessmen and professional people who would like to see Nicaragua governed more in accord with Robert's Rules; and Red, for the Sandinistas, the *guerrilleros* who are mounting an armed insurrection with "moral support" from Cuba and heavy evidence of Communist backing. The Carter Administration is trying hard to get Somoza out and Blue in before Red picks up all the marbles. Points to keep in mind: 1) this is a serious test of the Carter regime, and 2) only the tiny and unarmed Costa Rica separates Nicaragua from the Panama Canal.

■ Reports that Venezuela would cut off oil sales to Nicaragua with the tacit consent of the U.S. unless Somoza resigned have now been denied in both Washington and Caracas. The U.S., after its own bitter experience with the Arab oil boycott, does not, says a State Department spokesman, "favor the use of oil embargoes as a political weapon." And Venezuela has backed away after finding a) that its boycott proposal is unpopular with other Central and South American states, most of them ruled by military juntas or strongmen, and b) that since Nicaragua's contract is with Exxon, not Venezuela, a Venezuelan boycott wouldn't work.

■ The "internal settlement" government in Salisbury, Rhodesia has now postponed elections from December to next April. It is doubtful if such elections will ever be held; conditions in April are unlikely to represent an improvement over December. The root fact is that the guerrilla leaders of the so-called Patriotic Front have little to gain from elections of any kind. They rely on fire-power and hard-ball diplomacy. Given the threat of guerrilla retaliation, Rhodesian blacks in the hinterlands would mostly stay away from the polls. So long as the U.S. tilts toward the guerrillas, democracy of any kind is not in the cards for Rhodesia.

■ It's election year in Zambia, and Kenneth Kaunda is up for re-election. Though nobody else has tossed his head—oops, hat—into the ring, Kaunda's not *quite* a shoo-in. Seems there's a lot of discontent in Zambia, and Kaunda does face the requirement that he receive 50

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per cent plus one in a Yes/No vote. The voter can register a Yes by making an X next to a picture of a mighty eagle. The No vote, as one might suppose, is a little more problematic. Last time around the No symbol was a hyena, which to Africans suggests bad luck. This year the government wanted to change it to a snake, but the Electoral Commission said that was going too far, so it's going to be a hare. If elected, Mr. Kaunda pledges democracy for Rhodesians.

■ The Futile Trade Commission made it back into the news after a long dry spell with a sheaf of proposed new regulations aimed at Honest Ernie, the Used Car Salesman. Hereafter, Honest Ernie will be required to inspect every car he sells, provide a written notice of everything that's wrong with each, and, further, estimate (also in writing) what every repair would cost. Naturally, this will raise costs all around, drive up the price of used cars, and hurt buyers with minimal credit. Not-So-Honest Ernies will find a way around the rules.

■ It is reliably reported that the U.S. dollar has been steadily depreciating in value relative to Confederate money.

■ Upon receiving a doubled property tax assessment on his dilapidated house, a Fort Walton Beach, Florida man borrowed a bulldozer and reduced the place to splinters, before an enthusiastic throng of local patriots.

Guyana Holocaust

The most notable thing about cult leader Jim Jones and his People's Temple sect is the amount of liberal and leftist support this lunatic and implausible messiah managed to attract.

Jones was represented by leftist lawyers Charles Garry and Mark Lane, both of whom were present in the Guyana Jonestown commune at the time of the murders and suicides. The government of Guyana, embarrassed by the mess, has released glowing statements of support for Jones by, among others, Vice President Walter Mondale, HEW Secretary Joseph Califano, the late Senator Hubert Humphrey, Bella Abzug, Jonathan Bingham, former NAACP director Roy Wilkins, Rosalynn Carter, and current and former San Francisco mayors George Moscone and Joseph Alioto.

Strange. The "Reverend" Jim Jones's reputation had grown particularly rancid in California, and investigation of his activities had prompted his move to Guyana. Apparently all you need in order to attract support of that sort is the word "people's" in your logo. Jones did preach a kind of agrarian socialism, further bait perhaps, but against a darkening background of intimidation, violence, fraud, profiteering, sexual perversity, and messianic absurdity. The group, to be sure, was interracial—more bait for the big-shot liberals—and hundreds of its adepts died without regard to race or color, an egalitarian triumph.

When you peel away the penumbra of liberal notables, what remains is a variation on a now familiar genre: Manson Family, Moon cult, Symbionese Liberation Army, etc., etc. It has become evident that many people will accept any doctrine whatsoever, no matter how fantastic, in order to belong to a tightly knit group—though fear and sex usually, to varying degrees, play a central role in the mixture. From this perspective, the world of the cults represents an "escape from freedom," a retreat from the social implications of modernity.

But there remains a major task for investigative reporting: the attraction of the cults for the children of the rich and sometimes famous, and their use as an expression of affluent alienation.

Mission to Moscow

Visiting Moscow on a mission of international understanding, a dozen U.S. senators actually seem to have cleared up some misunderstandings: their own. In a conference with Premier Aleksei Kosygin they raised such matters as human rights, Soviet expansionism in Africa, Soviet anti-Israeli policies, and the shipment of MiG-23s to Cuba. Kosygin, reports Abraham Ribicoff, grew "furious," saying, "I thought you came to talk peace. These things are not important." Kosygin also refused to listen to an explanation of how the SALT treaty will be received in the Senate: "Don't tell me about the United States Senate—I know all about the United States Senate and how it works." Said Ribicoff later: "It was perfectly obvious that he doesn't. He knows the least."

The trip was an eye-opener for several of the senators. Oklahoma Republican Henry Bellmon remarked: "I'm amazed at how closed these people's minds are. It seems everything they do is right, and everything we do

Bad Manners

In ancient Greece, the Furies
  Were never called by name;
"Eumenides" (The Gracious Ones)
  Is what their name became.
Today, the word, "Depression,"
  Sends strong men to the john.
Say "down-turn" or "recession," please—
  You got that, Mr. Kahn?

W. H. von Dreele

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is wrong." "It's like my sister-in-law," said New Hampshire Democrat John Durkin. "What's hers is hers and what's mine is negotiable." Richard Schweiker and John Glenn made similar observations.

Oddly enough, Ribicoff was at pains to de-epiphanize Kosygin's outburst. "It was a momentary aberration by one man," he said. "I don't hold it against a country because one man blew it. SALT is too big an issue to let Kosygin spoil it." He added: "I don't get mad at Kosygin, but I do get disappointed. A leader of a great state doesn't have the luxury of getting mad the way he did."

We recommend to Senator Ribicoff a study sponsored by B'nai B'rith International, *The Soviet "Protocols of the Elders of Zion": Antisemitic Propaganda in the USSR*. Written by Dr. William Korey, it studies official Soviet publications and utterances over the last ten years. Anyone who thinks the official Soviet press is analogous to the Government Printing Office, "aberrations" aside, is in for some . . . understanding. For instance, it transpires that the Soviet government has printed some 75,000 copies of a book called *Fascism under the Blue Star*, which charges Judaism with teaching young Jews misanthropy, genocide, love of power, and "criminal methods of attaining power." *Pravda* praised the book for revealing "the true face of Zionism" and its "chauvinist, racist dogma of the 'Chosen People.'" The author of the book is Yevgeny Yevseyev. Yevseyev is reportedly Svatoplek Dolejs, who during World War II edited an antisemitic weekly, *Arijsky Boj* (*The Aryan Fight*), during the Nazi occupation of Czechoslovakia.

The idea of negotiation does not, of course, require that both sides be wholeheartedly devoted to truth under God. But no negotiations with the Soviet Union will be profitable to any interlocutor who fails to understand that to a totalitarian regime words are merely an aspect of power, and that "truth" means any utterance, however false and gross, that can be made to stick. The words of the angry Kosygin and those of a Yevseyev alike are integral expressions of the system they belong to.

Maoist Man, He Daid

In a peculiar misperception, Maoism in China was considered to be revolutionary by Western intellectuals and academics. In fact, as the present regime in Peking recognizes, the late Chairman was one of the grand reactionaries of history, a visionary who tried to insulate China from modernity and create a peasant utopia, labor-intensive, boiler-suited, and puritanical. To create his vision of Maoist Man, the Chairman tried to control the social environment totally.

The present regime is dumping the visionary poet and utopian, and, in due course, Mao will be an eccentric footnote to Chinese history. The present rulers are turning outward to modern technology and capital, and, naturally, downgrading Mao. The latest wall-posters associate the Great Chairman with the disgraced Gang of Four. Current heresies, "chapter-and-versism" (devotion to the Chairman's Red Book) and "whateverism" (belief in "whatever" the Chairman said), add savor to the current turn.

Irony: In the West, the New Left, hairy and grass-smoking, took the Great Puritan to its heart. Western academics thought Mao was "revolutionizing" China, when, in actuality, he was attempting to hold off modernization in the name of a mad pastoral vision.

High Noon

In both the Yemens, chewing qat
Is why adults are never fat.
The leaf is harvested from trees
With almost stupefying ease,
And long before the sky is blue
The people simply chew and chew
As, in each mosque and minaret,
They do their darndest to forget.
With everybody high by noon,
The Russians will be ruling soon.

W. H. VON DREELE

Loosening the Screws

One thing the world lacks is a theory of counter-revolution, as the unfolding experience of Chile makes clear.

Chile's latest problem involves the AFL-CIO, which almost alone among Western unions, refused to boycott the post-Allende government in 1974. American unions had disapproved of the Marxist stranglehold on Chile's unions under Allende, and supported Pinochet's anti-Communism. This May, however, the presidents of the Longshoremen's and Ladies Garment Workers unions went to Chile to inspect the labor situation, and came away displeased. In August, George Meany threatened "grave international consequences" unless Pinochet restored "basic rights." Union elections were accordingly held in October, but all union leaders of the last ten years were excluded, and new delegates were required to swear that they would not participate in political activity. The AFL-CIO was not mollified, and if they join the boycott, Chilean exports will suffer.

The critical question for any liberal democrat is always, How much repression is necessary to ensure stability? The answer, in even the best of possible worlds, is always—some. Terrorists, e.g., must be either re-

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pressed, or leaders of coups. In Chile, the necessary dose of repression had to be much stronger, especially at first. The countryside was infested with leftist guerrillas, and the Supreme Court had ruled that the elected president was systematically violating the Constitution. Even now, Pinochet may be wise to treat the unions warily: Chile is high on world Communism's hate list, and he would be foolish to allow Chile's workers to fall under its control.

Still, one may question his means. Was it necessary to make union leaders forswear *all* political activity? Wouldn't a ban against totalitarianism and revolution be enough? Was it also necessary to exclude every union leader of the last ten years? Even assuming they all turned out to be Communists, wouldn't it have been better to cast the prohibition in that form?

Confused action always begins as confused thought, and Pinochet cannot afford to be muddleheaded. Let the only other successful counter-revolutionary of the century—Franco—serve as warning. If Spain's young monarchy withers, it will be at least partly the fault of the man who saved it, then stayed on too long.

English Bards, Scotch Reviewers

Along with *The Dial*, Harriet Monroe's *Poetry* magazine was one of the principal organs of the modernist movement in literature. Founded in 1912, *Poetry* was in at the creation: Pound, Eliot, Yeats, Williams, Crane. These great modernists burst like rockets in the early twentieth century imagination, the intensity of their power of self-invention pointing to renewed possibility.

They led a revolution in English and especially American poetry. It was a revolution in both form and substance, and something new in the scale of ambition. T. S. Eliot, a Dante from St. Louis; Ezra Pound, a Homer from Hailey, Idaho; Edna Millay, a Sappho from Rockport, Maine; Hart Crane, a spiritual Columbus from Cleveland.

To a wider audience, prepared to receive their message, these great modernists said: 1) existence under modern conditions can be lived with an intensity and sense of risk unprecedented in previous eras; 2) beyond the confines of ordinary existence there may be a realm of belief, vision, and pertinent myth; and 3) in a comprehensive way, the nineteenth century is dead.

All right now, a major anthology from pioneering *Poetry* magazine. To whom, reader, does the *New York Times Book Review* give this still inflammatory volume for review?

Would you believe it, to a parochial continuator of the nineteenth century. To a socialist, a yearner after the *Gemeinschaft*, whose every instinct is hostile to the spirit of the great modernists. To the elegist of *The World of Our Fathers*, a colossal tome about the warm pre-modern world of early Jewish immigration. To a man who finds the essence of "Prufrock" in its negations and discontinuities, rather than its longings: Dante, Shakespeare, Michelangelo, Marvell, John the Baptist.

In short, to none other than Irving Howe, a stuck-in-the-mud nineteenth century socialist traditionalist, who tries to domesticate the great modernists for *Times* readers dozing after lunch. And . . . who blows it.

Communist Mischief

The West has stalled a Soviet attempt to harass the free (that is, Western) press through UNESCO. The Soviets first proposed their "declaration on mass media" to UNESCO in 1970. Translated from UN-talk, it encouraged developing nations to muzzle the unfriendly stories of Western journalists (since several of these nations have developed leaders like Samora Machel and Bokassa I, there is a lot to muzzle). One clause of the draft, as revised by UNESCO Director-General Amadou-Mahta M'Bow, calls for "action by the international community" to supervise journalists' access to news sources and the content of their dispatches. Another requires the press to make known "the versions of facts presented by states." The declaration moved through meeting after meeting, and looked likely to pass until the West managed to swing enough of the Third World against it at the twentieth biennial conference in Paris.

As instructive as the declaration, was the way the West stopped it. UNESCO declarations have no legal force, and many brutalitarian states pester foreign journalists already. But to prevent UNESCO from investing what remains of its moral capital in such a farce, the United States offered $25 million to the countries waylaying it, to spend on access to an information satellite and the creation of regional journalism schools. Blackmail is the homage virtue pays to vice, as La Rochefoucauld might have said (though not in Nairobi).

Welfare Reform, Family Breakups . . .

. . . Work Incentives, and Other Policy Questions Too Horrible to Contemplate: A ten-year study of low-income families and families on welfare has begun to yield its harvest of statistics, and the first notable conclusion is TILT.

Senator Moynihan, puzzling over the figures, has admitted that he's going to have to rethink some of his ideas on reform. He has argued, in the past, and with notable eloquence, that the current mess of welfare pro-

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grams doesn't really help the poor, actually contributes to family breakups, and costs too much. He has supposed that a system of direct payments, such as the "negative income tax" espoused by Milton Friedman, would help to keep families together. But the study of some 8,500 families finds just the opposite: families receiving income support had a 60 per cent higher rate of separation and divorce than the "control group."

And then there are the ethnic considerations. The rate of family breakup was about the same for blacks and whites, but half as much as among Hispanics. And the "work ethic" seems particularly strong among whites. The study looked into "work disincentives" keyed to varying rates of reduced welfare payments as earned income rises, and it turns out that the goofing-off rate among Hispanics and blacks is twice the rate among whites.

The disincentive is quantified for the first time: if you "tax" a man at 70 per cent—i.e., reduce his welfare payment by 70 cents for each dollar he earns—he'll work 10.6 per cent fewer hours than otherwise; when the "tax" drops to 50 per cent, he'll work 6.2 per cent fewer hours.

The study cost $112 million. For another hundred million they might have discovered that if you pay people for not working, they'll not work.

Margaret Mead, RIP

"A general in the army of feminism," a crusader for clean air, mental hygiene, nuclear disarmament, and women's careers, a thrice-divorced pundit of "social change"—full of compassion for the victims of the world and withering scorn for the complacent and the rich—so the media ushers its Loved One through the portals of Whispering Glades, where many a Mr. Joyboy plies his journalistic mortuary goo and paints a sweetly sappy, *nil nisi hokum* smile on the fierce visage of Margaret Mead.

Miss Mead was no rigorous thinker, and she reveled too much in her role as *Redbook* oracle on every issue from Watergate to water pollution. As she grew older she increasingly left her anthropology behind and took up with new trends and fashions. But she was also a genius; and though most of her current advocates prefer her best-selling juvenilia and her late-blossoming TV prattle, in 1949 she summed up her decades of anthropological experience in *Male and Female*, which, for all its impressionistic faults, is an extraordinary work in the social sciences. From a perspective of intimate study in some nine different cultures, she revised and amended many of her most quoted views from earlier works and developed a comprehensive vision of human culture and sexuality that is deeply conservative in its implications. Human culture is "infinitely fragile," she wrote. Our "humanity depends not on individual instinct but on the traditional wisdom of society." Ironically enough, among the necessities of civilization, Miss Mead believed, was the sanctity and permanence of marriage and the maintenance of clear sex roles, and no one has written so eloquently about the innate differences between men and women.

Even in her final years, when she was being flaunted as "a general in the army of feminism," she described as "flawless in its argument" Steven Goldberg's anti-feminist book *The Inevitability of Patriarchy*, which feminists had repeatedly cited early works of Margaret Mead to deride and denounce. Gathering a wealth of anthropological and biological material, Goldberg demonstrated that male dominance was the result not of "discrimination" but of changeless physiological and psychological differences. While liberals called him a "fascist" and the Sisterhood ranted, and virtually no prestigious voice rose in his defense, Margaret Mead—perhaps remembering at last her learning rather than her life—calmly wrote that he was absolutely right. Miss Mead had her weaknesses—a fickleness and a desire to please—but she deserves better than she is getting from her friends and Whispering Glades. —G. GILDER

Mondale Diminished

From Duluth and hoary Hibbing
To the nations in Mankato,
Minnesota put the kibosh
On the Farmer-Labor Party;
Bashed the braves whom Hubert Humphrey
Hunted game with in the springtime;
Stomped the Big Chief in the White House
And the bleater, Walter Mondale.
Now when winds are blowing westward,
Mondale moons inside the wigwam
As his squaw interprets signals
From the tribe in Massachusetts.

W. H. VON DREELE

Gene Tunney, RIP

Gene Tunney was heavyweight champion of the world, as is universally known; a self-educated man who pursued learning and appeased an eclectic curiosity, as is widely known; and a devoted reader of this magazine, as only a few of us knew. For 17 years, most recently this summer, he sent contributions to our annual appeal. Occasionally—not so frequently, in recent times, as his affliction distracted him—he would write us, for help in finding the answer to this or that factual question. The last time, he wanted to know what exactly had Yeats

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intended when he wrote his epitaph, "Cast a cold eye/ On life, on death./ Horseman, pass by." Hugh Kenner obliged, with the explanation that Yeats on the one hand rejected the ancient notion that death should catalyze meditation, as also the evolution of the sentiment that death should enjoin an imitation of the great departed: but that although he was willing to instruct the uninstructed by urging them to pay death no heed, he would not wish to be caught condescending to the knowledgeable, whence his absolution to horsemen. Gene Tunney was intrigued by the philosophical implications of the epitaph and, quietly, read on, as he grew frailer, confirming to all his friends that a horseman he was born, as an athlete; a horseman he became through his attentions to life and learning. And a gentle man, even when he made his living by mauling his opponents. Perhaps for that reason he found an affinity in this journal; we hope so as we meditate, with resolution to emulate, his spirited encounter with life.

Notes & Asides

■ To the Editor
The Wall Street Journal
Dear Sir:

I saw the account by June Kronholz ("How William Buckley" [etc.]) ten days after it was written, here in Singapore, there being no U.S. edition of the *Wall Street Journal* in these parts.

I have been advised over the telephone by my lawyers that, pending legal negotiations to resolve the Starr Broadcasting controversy, I am not to discuss with specificity the charges of Miss Kronholz. I have no alternative than to comply with their wishes in the matter, but rest assured it will not be too long before I shall publish a narrative that satisfies the curiosity.

Meanwhile, if you care to have the local news, the headline on page 2 of this morning's *Straits Times* is "Woman Raped Twice/By Monkey in Jakarta".

I know just how the woman feels.

Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

Singapore, October 30

■ Memo to: Our Readers

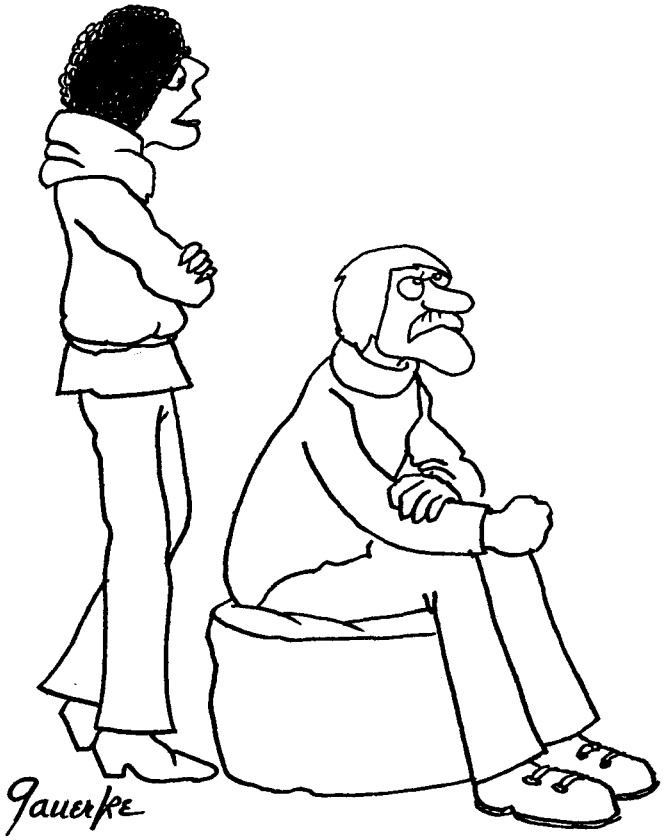
James Burnham has been seriously ill, and accordingly his column will not appear for the next few issues. We will keep his anxious readers and friends informed. Meanwhile, Mr. Brian Crozier, author of *Strategy of Survival* and director of the Institute for the Study of Conflict, will write on Mr. Burnham's page.

■ *Remarks, testimonial dinner for John Chamberlain, Metropolitan Club, New York, November 9, 1978*

Ladies and Gentlemen, Ernestine:

It is satisfying beyond any expectations to which I ever thought myself entitled, to close a program of tributes to John Chamberlain, whose reckless generosity changed the course of my life if not, alas, the course of American history or even the history of Yale University. I noticed even as a 23-year-old at Yale that John had an extraordinary facility for making you feel that every service performed by him for you was really a kindness initiated by you. I think he thanked me, even, for the privilege of writing an introduction to a book that got him very nearly ostracized in an academic community that preached the virtues of an open mind on the tacit understanding that it should be closed.

Not only has John expressed, in his own inarticulate way, his appreciation to me for all the favors he has done me over the years, he has expressed progressive affection for every institution in the United States that has ignored, disparaged, or underrated him. When he told me, after writing the introduction to my book, that the *Yale Review*, to which he had contributed over the course of a generation, beginning back when William Lyon Phelps said about the young John Chamberlain,



"John, you're not going to abandon your commitment to Gay Rights just because you had your non-consenting fanny pinched in the men's room of the YWCA, are you?"

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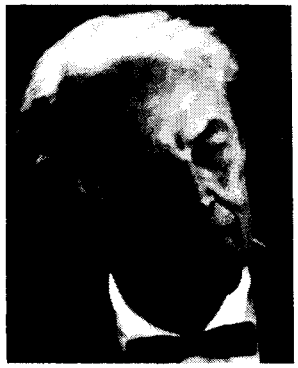
daily book reviewer for the *New York Times*, that he was the outstanding literary critic of his generation—when he told me that the *Yale Review* had from that moment on declined to commission any further essay or criticism from him, his smile, his almost noiseless chuckle, was more nearly a gesture of appreciation, than of remonstrance. What was he appreciating? If it had been an artist of another temperament—an Alexander Pope, let us say—he'd have been celebrating the validation of one of his misanthropic theses, namely that the intolerance of the reigning intellectual order twenty years ago required at the very least that men in responsible editorial positions greet dissent with what John called the Averted Gaze. What John was appreciating was the little ironies that, insofar as they illuminated men's little vanities, made a man just that much more endearing.



Of course, there were exceptions. In a much abused line, C. S. Forrester is quoted as saying that if the alternative is to betray one's country or one's friends, one must not hesitate to betray one's country. Much abused, I say, because it is not easy, in modern circumstances, to betray one's country without betraying one's friends along with it. But John's friends, the most conspicuous of them from Yale being Thomas Bergin, his classmate, a man with as piercing an intellect as John's but whose total mastery of the language and poetry and politics of the fourteenth century unhappily left him with no political intelligence to apply to the problems of contemporary America—Tom Bergin is, perhaps by not so extraordinary a coincidence, not unlike John in the gentleness of his nature, though he cultivates a brusqueness that intimidated several generations of students. He always knew that whatever direction John's mind was taking him, it was a mind directed by a rigorous intellect, at the service of surely the most generous heart anyone in this room has ever known.

We aren't here to pleasure the muses most of us serve, or to conduct a *Festschrift* detailing the contributions John Chamberlain has made to the understanding of the liberating ideals of the free society. Once upon a time John Chamberlain was a socialist. I have a feeling that if he had remained one, I'd be here as willingly tonight as I otherwise am, the difference being merely that in the one circumstance I could celebrate only the man, whereas in the second, I can rejoice also at his contributions to our understanding of the terrible problems our beloved country is beset by. It is appropriate, under the circumstances, to contemplate gratefully the tribute from John Kenneth Galbraith, who has done more to disrupt the free society than anyone this side of Pol Pot. But who, when invited to pay tribute to John Chamberlain, wrote so gracefully, acknowledging in effect that there is still an unrestricted free market among men seeking out their own company, and that in that free market Kenneth Galbraith moves toward John Chamberlain: attesting to his "personal character," his "general goodness," his "literary competence"; to whom he sends, via the master of ceremonies, quite simply, his "love."

Clare Boothe Luce writes me: "Tell John I too had my 75th birthday this year and that age has its compensations such as—oh damn, I forget for the moment what they are. But I wish I could be with you to hear the wonderful true things you will all say about John. Please add to the birthday toasts a toast from me to what I have loved best about him for forty years: his wise, rare boyish smile, so sweet with certainties."

There is little to add—except this, a little detail, that I have never before mentioned. It was in the early years of NATIONAL REVIEW, and there had been a division among the editors, one of them announcing his intention to withdraw from the common enterprise. A meeting was set up, and John came to it, as one of the founding fathers, and as the oldest friend of all the relevant parties. His mere presence in the room prevented acrimony from dominating the scene, but soon it was apparent that the differences excluded a continuing collegiality. Two hours later I found myself at Grand Central Station, en route to Stamford, and ran into John, en route to New Haven. He brought up the subject; and then, ever so briefly, he wept: because this pain, between friends, he could not internalize. The stoic gaiety with which he could greet world wars and *New York Times* editorials deserted him. It was only a little while later that I received a letter from Whittaker Chambers, who once said of John Chamberlain that he was the nearest thing to unalloyed goodness that Chambers had ever known—a letter in which Chambers wrote that reading a particular passage by Arthur Koestler had brought him to tears: "American men," he commented, "who weep in droves in movie houses, over the woes of lovestruck shopgirls, hold that weeping in men is unmanly. I have found most men in whom there was depth of experience, or capacity for compassion, singularly apt to tears. How can it be otherwise? One looks and sees: and it would be a kind of impotence to be incapable of, or to grudge, the comment of tears, even while you struggle against it. I am immune," he closed, "to soap opera. But I cannot listen for any length of time to the speaking voice of Kirsten Flagstad, for example, without being done in by that magnificence of tone that seems to speak from the center of sorrow, even from the center of the earth." That apparently mundane episode, the rupture of a relationship, had evoked tears, and I knew then, and have known ever since, that what draws us to John Chamberlain is that: the magnificence of his tone, that speaks to us from the center of feeling. **—WFB**

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HUMANAE VITAE

A Ten-Year Overview

MICHAEL C. BROWN

LAST APRIL the *New York Times* reported on a national fertility study, conducted by Princeton University, properly noting the "massive defection from traditional church teachings on birth control." The *Times* story then prattled on about "the assimilation of Catholics into the mainstream of American life" and ended up by proclaiming "the power of the demographic melting pot." Several months later, in July, at the University of San Francisco, a week-long symposium commemorating the tenth anniversary of the papal encyclical *Humanae Vitae* brought together journalists, biologists, theologians, physicians, clergy, and laity to do battle with the sort of potted clichés and general-store sociology that have marked the public discussion of birth control and *Humanae Vitae* these past ten years.

The first evening Malcolm Muggeridge delivered a highly charged keynote address, in which the separation of eroticism from procreation was movingly and convincingly condemned. Then James Hitchcock, a St. Louis University historian, presented a paper effectively indicting both the secular and the Catholic press for slanted coverage of the birth-control controversy. Hitchcock dealt only with the period between Vatican II and the encyclical, and he concluded, "By 1966, it seems fair to say that the propaganda battle over birth control had already been lost in the United States." A fairly thorough survey of the *New York Times*, *Time*, *Newsweek*, and other popular periodicals between 1963 and 1968 showed a ham-handed approach in favor of birth control. In particular, they gave "lavish attention to any Catholic who took a public stand even slightly at odds with official Church teaching." The "trend" of the cracking Catholic monolith had been spotted by the secular press. By the end of 1967, a year before *Humanae Vitae*, "the most influential secular and religious journals in the United States now all favored a change in the traditional doctrine."

Several evenings were spent discussing conjugal love and the pastoral dimensions of *Humanae Vitae*; Hans Urs von Balthasar gave a brilliant meditation on St. Paul and marriage. Later in the week the technicians stepped in for a night less of poetry and more of hardware. Dr. John Kippley, a lay expert on natural family planning (NFP), gave a short history of birth control since the watershed year 1930, when Pius XI restated Catholic opposition and the Anglicans accepted artificial birth control. The calendar rhythm system of birth control was also established in 1930, though not specifically approved by the Church. Kippley points to a revolutionary line in *Humanae Vitae* as mandate for the NFP movement: Pope Paul said it was "particularly desirable that medical science succeed in providing a sufficiently secure basis for a regulation of birth founded on the observance of natural rhythms."

KIPPLEY explained that a method of calculating fertility cycles called the sympto-thermal method, which is a monitoring of the cervix temperature and other signs of ovulation, is "sufficiently secure," in the words of Pope Paul, to register a 99 per cent success rate in avoiding pregnancy. Implicit in this and other NF methods is periodic sexual abstinence, certainly not a popular concept in these active times.

Robert Brungs, a Jesuit doctor of theology as well as physics, referred to what Pope Paul in *Humanae Vitae* called "stupendous progress in the domination and rational organization of the forces of nature" and outlined some of the possibilities: control over birth through *in vitro* fertilization, and over death through somehow altering the genetic code; control over human potentialities through nuclear transplantation (cloning) and—the ultimate technologization of human beings—the "cyborg," a sort of Six Million Dollar Man; control of human achievement through brain surgery, psychoactive drugs, and psychological and physiological behavior modification techniques. Father Brungs noted that scientists see the world as basically quantifiable and manipulable; it is the philosophers' job, he argued, to pierce as best they can the theological mystery of "humanness," with less concern for scientific technique and more for meaning.

The closing address at the symposium was to have been by Mother Teresa of Calcutta, speaking on divine love and world poverty, but illness prevented her from leaving India. It was left to Dr. Elizabeth Anscombe, a professor of philosophy at Cambridge University, to close the meeting.

In a frighteningly titled speech, "Marriage, Chastity, and Children," she delivered a breathtaking meditation on a virtue surely among the most widely forgotten. How do you *practice* such a virtue? At the same time, how do you appreciate its mystical significance? By defining the virtue as the Greeks did, said Dr. Anscombe, as a species of temperance; by tempering the unitive significance of sex and love in marriage with something as pristine and bell-clear as chastity. Hardly the sort of attitude likely to gain wide popular acceptance, but certainly, as the backbone of Catholic acceptance of *Humanae Vitae*, deserving of it.

Illustrative of how far from the paradigm American married couples are, the National Center for Health Statistics recently released a 1976 report showing a decline in the usage of the birth-control pill and an increase in surgical sterilization as a contraceptive method. Twenty-eight per cent of all those couples with the wife of child-bearing age were sterile as the result of surgery.

Hans Urs von Balthasar's observation is prophetic: "When men no longer see themselves as judged by the norm of that love which exists between Christ and the Church, one can hardly convince them that their arrogation of full power to regulate the procreative function puts all truly personal love between man and woman in serious jeopardy." □

Mr. Brown is a reporter for the San Francisco Chronicle.

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THE FUND-RAISERS

Raising Conservative Bucks

WILLIAM A. RUSHER

THE PROVERBIAL little old lady in Peoria found two letters in her mailbox. The first was from a group called the Committee for the Survival of a Free Congress (CSFC), whose name, perhaps the worst in political history, was chosen by a committee. The letter was signed by Representative Thomas N. Kindness, a conservative stalwart to be sure, but hardly a familiar name in Peoria.

The second letter was from the Republican National Committee *and* the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee. It was signed by Ronald Reagan, perhaps the most respected Republican of our time and certainly one of the very best fund-raisers for conservative causes in modern history.

The CSFC letter claimed that the group was part of a coalition of conservatives fighting the Panama Canal treaties, and appealed urgently for funds to make the Canal a key issue in the upcoming (1978) elections.

The Republican Party's letter asserted that the RNC and the Congressional Campaign Committee "have joined together to establish an Emergency Panama Canal Fund and to launch an unprecedented campaign to defeat the treaty and elect more Republicans to Congress who will vote against any giveaway schemes." The letter went on to say that the major goal of the Republican effort was "to obtain the signatures of millions of Americans who oppose the treaty. These petitions will be formally presented to the U.S. Senate and the national media prior to the Senate vote. To do this we must place ads in national magazines and major newspapers to reach Americans in every city and town across the country to alert them to this dangerous treaty and enlist their support to defeat it."

Now if you had been sitting in Peoria, to which operation would you have contributed? Unless you were terribly well informed, your money—perhaps $15 out of a small Social Security check—would go to the Republican Party and Ronald Reagan. Who could better fight the treaties? Reagan, after all, had raised the issue during the 1976 primaries with President Ford. And the Republican Party is, moreover, the official opposition.

What the lady in Peoria did not know was that the Republican Party never really had a plan to spend her money on the Canal and in fact did not do so. Paul Laxalt, the leader of the anti-treaty forces in the Senate, found that out in a confrontation with Bill Brock, chairman of the RNC.

Laxalt had devised a "truth squad" plan, chartered plane and all, to take the case against the treaties to the American people. Since Reagan had signed the fund-raising letter for the RNC, Laxalt felt that a $50,000 contribution toward the truth squad (out of the $700,000 the letter brought in) was in order. He felt this way particularly because he could find no evidence of any other Republican Party activity against the treaties. But Brock refused Laxalt's request, even after an unpleasant confrontation in which Reagan told Brock he felt he had been misled concerning the RNC's intention. Laxalt told Brock, "Bill, you don't have any plan to spend that money to defeat the treaties." There was silence from Brock. Indeed, the RNC's only expenditure was to send out more letters. The petitions never saw the light of day.

What is worse, however, especially from the standpoint of the contributor in Peoria who chose Reagan and the RNC over a lesser-known group, is that, even while the issue was before the Senate, money from the RNC was flowing to such treaty supporters as Edward Brooke of Massachusetts, Clifford Case of New Jersey, and Mark Hatfield of Oregon, all of whose primary opponents opposed the treaties. The little old lady's money, in short, was being used against her views.

THE TRUTH squad did go forward, however, no thanks to Brock, but thanks to the Committee for the Survival of a Free Congress and a host of other conservative groups, including the National Conservative Political Action Committee (NCPAC), the American Conservative Union (ACU), the Conservative Caucus, and the American Security Council. Almost half the funds were raised from conservative groups or from large contributors to whom Senator Laxalt spoke personally, and the other half were raised through an emergency mailing by Richard Viguerie over Ronald Reagan's signature.

The point is this: The Republican Party sends out hundreds of thousands of letters on conservative issues, with well-known conservatives signing the letters. But the party does not lift a finger to help win the legislative battles on those issues and even supports people, both incumbents and challengers, who take positions opposite to those expressed in the RNC's letters.

Take Senator Baker. He delivered the votes to ratify the Canal treaties. The margin was only two for each treaty, and Baker, as GOP leader, certainly would have delivered at least one vote in addition to his own if he had decided to oppose the treaties. Yet Baker received the full support of the Republican establishment in his re-election bid at the very moment the RNC was raising money to defeat the

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treaties. The whole process borders on fraud.

The party committees (meaning not only the RNC but the Congressional Campaign Committee and the Senatorial Campaign Committee) raise money on other issues too. Recently a letter from the RNC asked for funds to help defeat the labor law reform bill in the Senate. Never mind that the GOP as such did nothing to defeat the bill. Never mind that New Right freshmen Orrin Hatch of Utah and Dick Lugar of Indiana carried the ball. Never mind that the chairman of the Senatorial Campaign Committee, Senator Packwood of Oregon, voted wrong on all six votes. Never mind that the Senate Republican whip, Ted Stevens of Alaska, switched his vote to labor's side the day after the filing deadline for primary opponents in Alaska. Never mind that Democrats, many of them moderates like Lawton Chiles of Florida and Dale Bumpers of Arkansas, provided the margin of victory on labor law reform. The Republican Party was nonetheless raising money on the issue and then not spending it, *either on the issue itself or to help* elect candidates who were solid on the issue.

WHEN THE Republican Senatorial Campaign Committee has involved itself in primaries, incidentally, it usually has been on the wrong side. In 1976 the committee gave money to Bob Finch in California, but the much more conservative Sam Hayakawa overwhelmed him. This year the committee supported Bill Osborne in Montana, but the more conservative Larry Williams won. That is in addition to its more understandable support of incumbents such as Case and Brooke and Baker and Hatfield.

Worst of all, while the GOP is raising money on conservative issues and then not using the money the way most contributors intended, it is having a damaging effect on the money-raising efforts of those conservative groups that are actually doing the work that produces such key victories as those against labor law reform, common-situs picketing, taxpayer financing of campaigns, instant voter registration, consumer protection, etc.

Groups such as CSFC, NCPAC, and many others find their contributions dwindling because supporters tell them,

"I already gave on that matter when the party wrote me."

The party, as we have seen, generally tries to prevail on conservatives to sign its fund-raising letters. (The only exception is former President Ford, a "moderate.") Letters signed by Reagan, Orrin Hatch, Paul Laxalt, Barry Goldwater, and other conservative stalwarts bring gratifying results.

Naturally, therefore, the language in letters sent by the party is very similar to that used by conservative groups. Terry Dolan, Executive Director of NCPAC, put it this way: "White out the name of the party on top and you will have a carbon copy of what we are saying. They can't raise money on any other issues."

At a recent meeting of the Senate Republican Policy Committee, a liberal senator complained about the "strident tone" of many of the letters being sent out by the party. Senate GOP campaign chief Packwood, himself a member of the liberal Wednesday Club, defended the letters: "We've tried it both ways," said Packwood, "and the soft sell doesn't work. So you are really left with two choices: Tone down the letters and we don't get the money. Or use the kind of language we have been using and we will have the money for your campaigns." Packwood was letting his liberal friends know that it is conservative rhetoric, combined with the signature of a well-known conservative, that raises the dollars.

Paul Weyrich, the director of CSFC, says he wouldn't mind the GOP raising funds through conservative issues if it would only be of some assistance in the battles themselves. "There is so much they could do, but the party leadership —Brock, Baker, and [House Minority Leader] Rhodes—just don't want to rock the boat. They leave it to the conservative groups and the conservative legislators to carry the ball on all the crucial issues. Except for public financing of elections, they have been unwilling to make so much as a phone call on a key conservative issue—yet the public believes it is the GOP that is winning the battles. If it weren't for conservatives in the Senate and House like Laxalt, Hatch, Garn, McClure, Edwards, Hansen, and others, there would be no fights on these issues. The party, though, doesn't help these men, and won't spend the money on the issues, or often even on the right candidates. Yet it is taking money away from the conservatives who do spend the time and effort on these issues, because the party appears more credible to the average contributor."

NOT ONLY has the party taken money out of conservative pockets by leading contributors to believe it will fight the right fights; it has also launched an attack on conservative groups for allegedly spending too much of the money they raise on fund-raising and administrative costs. Articles have appeared in papers all over the country quoting "sources at the RNC," or Wyatt Stewart of the Congressional Campaign Committee, on how much money New Right groups collect versus how much they give to candidates.

Now, all the New Right political action committees view themselves as much more than mere conduits passing money from contributors to candidates. They conduct training schools, compile ratings of congressional votes, issue extensive research materials, conduct polls, lobby directly or indirectly on key issues, formulate the strategy and put together the coalitions that have been so successful in recent legislative battles. None of this counts, or ought to count, as contributions to candidates; instead, the function of the New Right PACs must be understood as much broader than merely contributing cash to candidates. This is also true, of course, of the Republican Party organizations.

But let us compare two New Right groups with two Republican Party

(Continues on page 1536)

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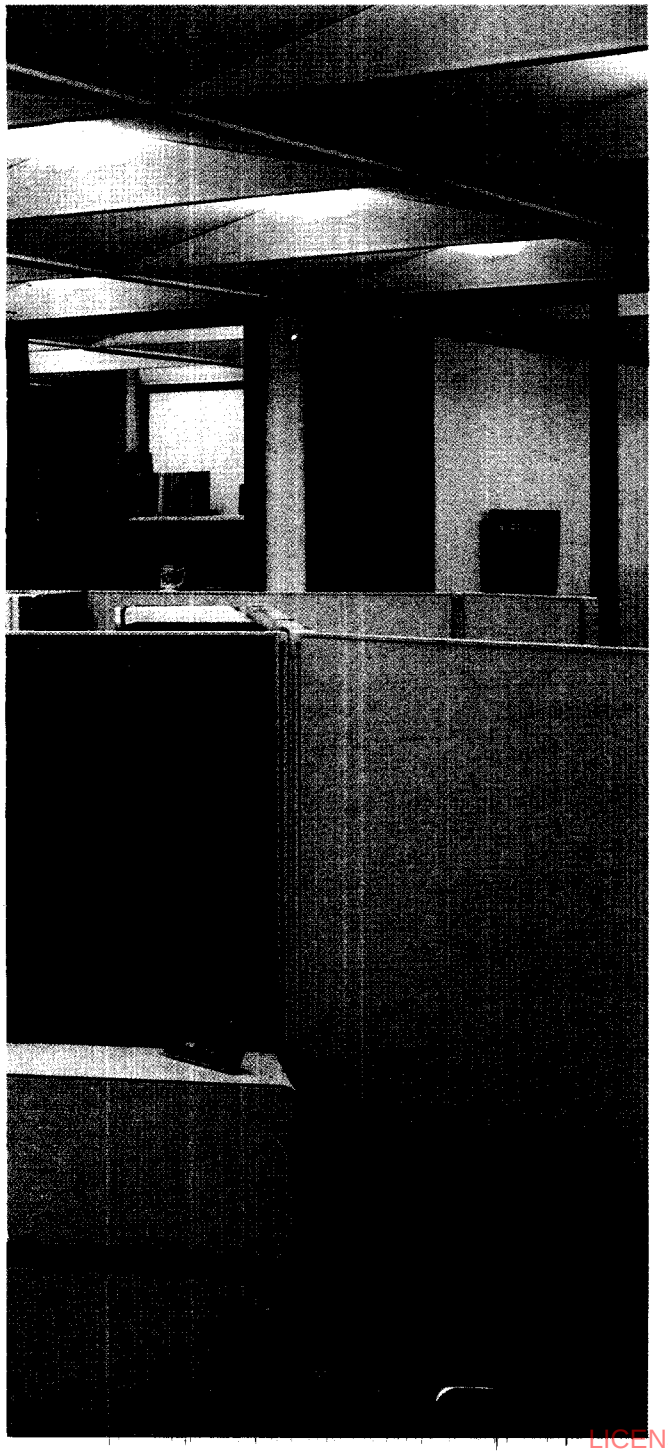

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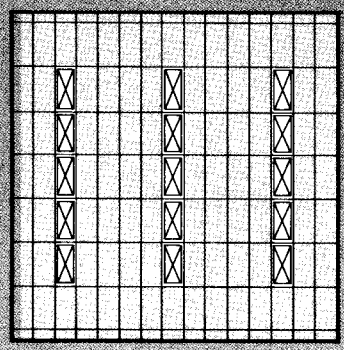

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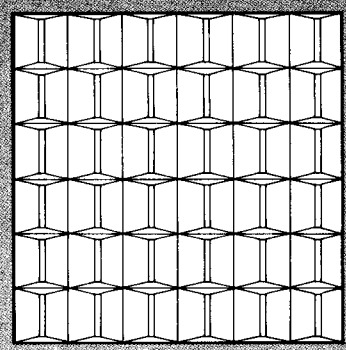

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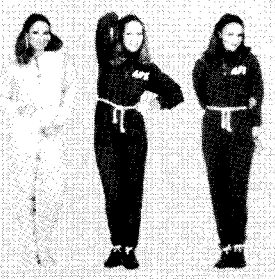

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RUSHER

(Continued from page 1532)

operations in this matter of fund-raising.

In 1976, the Republican National Committee spent 9 per cent of its receipts on candidates. In 1977, it was 3 per cent.

In 1976, the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee spent 20 per cent of its receipts on candidates. In 1977, it was 13 per cent.

In 1976, the Conservative Victory Fund spent 47 per cent of its receipts on candidates. In 1977, it was 9 per cent.

In 1976, NCPAC spent 22 per cent of its receipts on candidates. In 1977, it was 33 per cent.

Thus the cumulative average of one election year and one non-election year for the two New Right groups was 28 per cent and 26 per cent respectively. For the two Republican Party groups, it was 7 per cent and 17 per cent respectively. (For other groups, such as the Democratic National Committee, the figures are far worse. Their cumulative average percentage given to candidates was only 2 per cent.)

Yet, despite these facts, the Republican Party has seen fit to launch a major attack on New Right groups and their financial record. Presumably the Republican establishment believes that the best defense is a good offense.

The situation was best summarized by CSFC's Weyrich, who complained that the Republican Party "gets its money on our issues, leaves us to do the work, and reduces our contributions so that we have less money to fight the GOP in the many instances where it is on the wrong side."

Perhaps the lady in Peoria, if she learns what is going on, will ask some questions before she contributes to the GOP again. One such question should certainly be how many dollars will actually be spent to fight bad programs, and in what way; and another should be a demand for a list of *all* candidates to be supported. If the lady doesn't get those answers, she will know better than to contribute. In fact, if she finds her money going to Lowell Weicker and Jacob Javits as well as to Strom Thurmond and Jesse Helms, she may want to re-route her contribution to groups that represent only her philosophy. ☐

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Human Rights in China

中國 沒有人權

CHINA DOES NOT HAVE HUMAN RIGHTS

SIMON LEYS

ON THE QUESTION of human rights in China, an odd coalition has formed between "Old China hands" (left over from the colonial-imperialist era), starry-eyed Maoist adolescents, bright, ambitious technocrats, timid Sinologists ever wary of being denied their visa for China, and even some overseas Chinese who like to partake from afar in the People's Republic's prestige without having to share any of their compatriots' sacrifices or sufferings. The basic position of this strange lobby can be summarized in two propositions:

1. Whether or not there is a human rights problem in China remains uncertain: "we simply do not know";

2. Even if there should exist such a problem, it is none of our concern.

I shall attempt here to reply to the increasingly vocal and influential proponents of this theory; more simply, I shall try to remind my readers of certain commonplace and common-sense evidence which this line of thought seeks to conjure away. I do not apologize for being utterly banal: there are circumstances where banality can become the last refuge of decency and sanity.

The starting point of any reflection on present-day China—especially with regard to the human rights question—should be the obvious, yet unpopular, observation that the Peking regime is a totalitarian system. My contention is that totalitarianism has a quite specific meaning, and that, inasmuch as it is totalitarian, Maoism presents features which are foreign to the Chinese political tradition (however despotic parts of this tradition might have been), while it appears remarkably similar to otherwise foreign models such as Stalinism and Nazism. Yet, "totalitarianism" has become a taboo concept among fashionable political scientists, and especially among contemporary China scholars; they generally endeavor to describe and analyze the system of the People's Republic without ever using the word "totalitarian"—no mean feat. It is akin to describing the North Pole without ever using the word "ice," or the Sahara without using the word "sand."

One convenient and generally acceptable definition of totalitarianism could be, for instance, the one provided by Leszek Kolakowski in his essay "Marxist Roots of Stalinism" (which appeared in the volume *Stalinism*, edited by R. C. Tucker):

> . . . I take the word totalitarian in a commonly used sense, meaning a political system where *all social ties have been entirely replaced by State-imposed organizations* and where, consequently, all groups and all individuals are supposed to act only for goals which both are the goals of the State and were defined as such by the State. In other words, an ideal totalitarian system would consist in the utter destruction of civil society, wherein the State and its organizational instruments are the only forms of social life; all kinds of human activity—economic, intellectual, political, cultural—are allowed and ordered (the distinction between what is allowed and what is ordered tending to disappear) only to the extent of being at the service of State goals (again, as defined by the State). Every individual (including the rulers themselves) is considered the property of the State.

Kolakowski adds that this ideal conception has never been fully realized, and that perhaps an absolutely perfect totalitarian system would not be feasible; however, he sees Soviet and Chinese societies as very close to the ideal, and so was Nazi Germany—

> There are forms of life which stubbornly resist the impact of the system, familial, emotional, and sexual relationships among them; they were subjected strongly to all sorts of State pressure, but apparently never with full success (at least in the Soviet State; *perhaps more was achieved in China*).

Lack of space prevents me here from invoking a sufficient number of examples to show how well the above definition fits with the Maoist reality. I shall provide here only one illustration, selected from among hundreds and thousands, because this particular illustration is both typical *and* fully documented by an unimpeachable witness—I mean the noted writer Chen Jo-hsi, who is now free to express herself among us, and who reported it in a public lecture on the Chinese legal system which she gave earlier this year at the University of Maryland. In 1971, when Chen was living in Nanking, she was forced with thousands of other people to attend, and participate in, a public accusation meeting. The accused person's crime was to have defaced a portrait of Mao Tse-tung; he had been denounced by his own daughter, a 12-year-old child. On the basis of the child's testimony, he was convicted and sentenced to death; as was usually the case in these mass-accusation meetings, there was no right of appeal, and the sentence was carried out immediately, by firing squad. The child was officially extolled as a hero; she disclaimed any relationship with the dead man and proclaimed publicly her resolution

Mr. Leys, a Belgian expert on Chinese art, is the author of Chinese Shadows. *He is currently teaching at the University of Canberra.*

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to become from then on "with her whole heart and her whole will, the good daughter of the Party."

This episode was neither exceptional nor accidental: it was a deliberate, well-planned occurrence, carefully staged in front of a large audience, in one of China's major cities; similar "happenings" recur periodically and accompany most "mass campaigns"; they have a pedagogic purpose; they fit into a coherent policy pattern and, as such, exemplify the State's attempt to become the unique, all-encompassing organizer of all social and human relations. It should be remarked that whatever feeling of scandal a Westerner may experience when confronted with such an incident, it is still nothing in comparison with the revulsion, horror, and fear which it provokes among the Chinese themselves; the episode not only runs against human decency in general, it runs against Chinese culture, which, for more than 2,500 years, extolled filial piety as a cardinal virtue.

A second useful definition of totalitarianism is George Orwell's (in his afterword to *Homage to Catalonia*). In his description, the totalitarian system is a system in which there is no such thing as "objective truth" or "objective science." There is only, for instance, "German science" as opposed to "Jewish science"; or "proletarian truth" as opposed to "bourgeois lies":

> The implied objective of this line of thought is a nightmare world in which the Leader, or some ruling clique, controls not only the future, but *the past*. If the Leader says of such and such an event "It never happened"—well, it never happened. If he says that two and two are five, well, two and two are five. This prospect frightens me much more than bombs.

How does this definition square with Peking reality? Let us glance at Maoist theory. In one of its key documents (the so-called "May 16 Circular") we read precisely:

> The slogan "all men are equal before the truth" is a bourgeois slogan which absolutely denies the fact that *truth has a class character*. The class enemy uses this slogan to protect the bourgeoisie, to oppose himself to the proletariat, to Marxism-Leninism and Mao Tse-tung Thought. In the struggle between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie, between Marxist truth and the lies of the bourgeois class and of all oppressive classes, if the east wind does not prevail over the west wind, the west wind will prevail over the east wind, and therefore no equality can exist between them.

(In their latest book, *Le Bonheur des pierres*, C. and J. Broyelle reproduce a quotation from *Mein Kampf* and show that by merely substituting "bourgeois" and "antihumanism" for "Jews" and "antisemitism" one obtains orthodox, standard "Mao Tse-tung Thought.")

"Two and two are five": we find countless variants of this type of proposition in the Chinese press: the downfall of the Cultural Revolution leaders and the rehabilitation of the Cultural Revolution opponents are currently described as the supreme victory of the Cultural Revolution; Liu Shao-ch'i was a Soviet agent; Lin Piao was a traitor; Madame Mao and Chang Ch'un-ch'iao were Kuomintang agents; etc. Of course, none of this is very new: we heard it all forty years ago at the Moscow trials, and we also remember how, in Stalinist parlance, Trotsky used to be Hitler's agent. Victor Serge, who experienced it all at first hand, analyzed it well: the very enormity of the lie is precisely designed to numb, paralyze, and crush all rationality and critical functioning of the mind.

"The Leader controls the past." I have described elsewhere the constant re-writing of history which takes place in China (as it does in the Soviet Union) and, in particular, the predicament of the wretched curators of the History Museums, who have in recent years been successively confronted with, for instance, the disgrace, rehabilitation, re-disgrace, and re-rehabilitation of Teng Hsiao-p'ing. These political turnabouts can be quite bewildering for the lower cadres, whose instructions do not always keep up with the latest shake-up of the ruling clique. As one hapless guide put it to a foreign visitor who was pressing him with tricky questions: "Excuse me, sir, but at this stage it is difficult to answer; the leadership has not yet had the time to decide what history was." There is nothing furtive or clandestine about history re-writing; it is done in broad daylight, and sometimes, at its most humble level, the public itself is invited to collaborate: thus, at one stage of Teng's political

The starting point of any reflection on contemporary China—especially with regard to the human rights question—should be the observation that the Peking regime is totalitarian

vicissitudes, journals which had already been printed before his latest successful somersault were sent to subscribers together with little slips of paper expatiating on his virtues, slips which were to be pasted by the readers themselves over various passages which described him as a scoundrel.

The most spectacular example of this practice will be remembered by many. The day after Mao's funeral, all Chinese newspapers carried photos of the top leadership standing in a long line in front of the crowd at the memorial ceremony. By the time it was the monthlies' turn to carry the same photos, the Gang of Four had been purged. The photos, already known to the Chinese public, were issued again—but the disgraced leaders had all disappeared from them, leaving awkward gaps, like missing front teeth in an open mouth: the general effect being underlined rather than alleviated by the censor's heavy handed use of the airbrush, and by his clumsy retouching of the background. To crown the cynicism of such blatant manipulation, a little later, New China News Agency issued a report denouncing Chiang Ch'ing for the way in which she had allegedly falsified various official photographs for political purposes!

The incident of the missing figures in the official photographs, though widely written about, provoked hardly any comment in the West. Chinese, after all, must be expected to behave in inscrutable and strange ways. What was not realized was the fact that, however odd the episode may have appeared in our eyes, the Chinese themselves found it even more grotesque, bizarre—and humiliating. The key to this puzzle lay not in the Chinese mentality, but in totalitarian psychology.

The most masterly analysis of totalitarian psychology is certainly the one provided by Bruno Bettelheim in this

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book *The Informed Heart*—which was rightly hailed as "a handbook for survival in our age." The great psychiatrist observed the phenomenon at first hand in Buchenwald where he was interned by the Nazis (the concentration camp is not marginal to the totalitarian world; on the contrary, it is its purest and most perfect projection, since, there, the various factors of resistance to the system—the familial, emotional, and sexual relationships mentioned by Kolakowski—have all been removed, leaving the subject totally exposed to the totalitarian design).

Bettelheim noted:

> It was forbidden for the prisoners to observe anything of what was happening around them. To take notice of events happening in the camp was a most dangerous thing—even though it was necessary for survival. And it was not enough to agree passively not to see anything and not to know anything; one had to show actively that one had observed nothing and that one knew nothing of those things which the SS forbade one to see and to know.

Bettelheim gives various examples of SS behavior which presented this apparent contradiction: "You have not seen what you have seen, because we have decided so" (which could precisely apply to the blatantly falsified photo of the Chinese leaders); and he adds this psychological commentary:

> To know only those things which your superiors allow you to know is more or less the condition of a small child. To be able to observe by oneself and to draw one's own conclusions characterizes the beginning of independence. To refrain from observing and to accept blindly other people's version amounts to renouncing one's own ability for reasoning and even one's perceptive faculties. Not to observe matters which are of vital importance, and not to know what one needs to know, is utterly destructive of the human personality . . . Eventually one ceases to live one's own life, which was precisely the goal the SS aimed at.

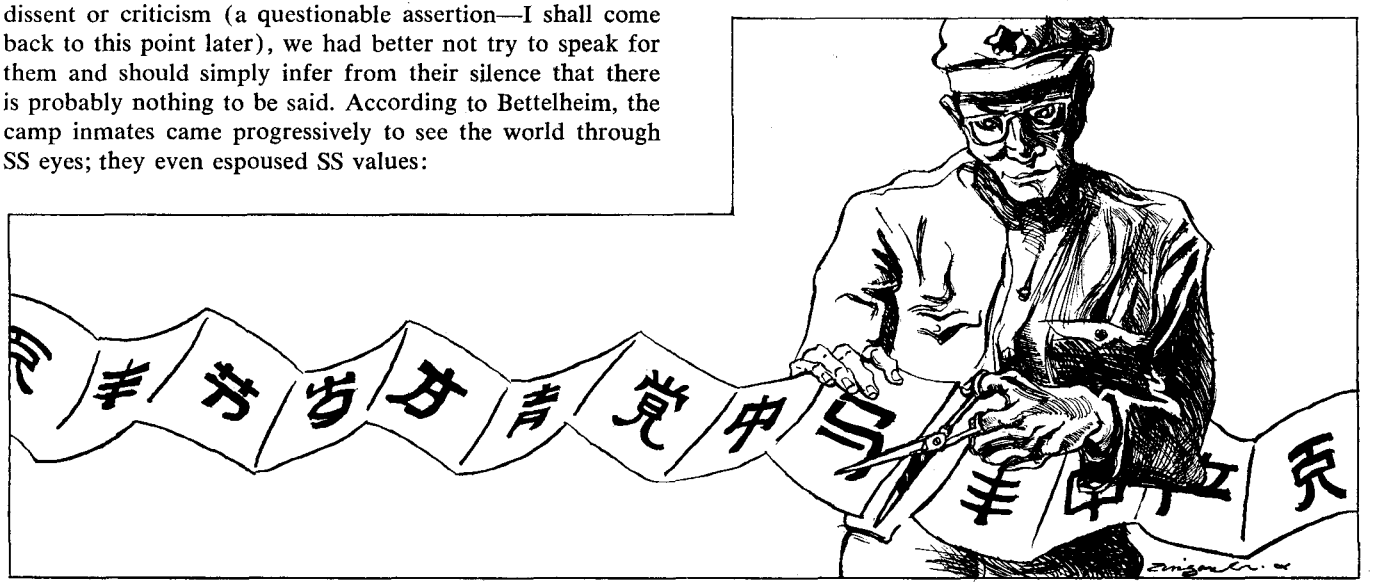
Bettelheim cites striking cases of this personality disintegration—which again are of particular relevance for the Chinese situation: Dr. S. FitzGerald has argued that, since the Chinese themselves, and particularly those who have recently left China, did not show willingness to express dissent or criticism (a questionable assertion—I shall come back to this point later), we had better not try to speak for them and should simply infer from their silence that there is probably nothing to be said. According to Bettelheim, the camp inmates came progressively to see the world through SS eyes; they even espoused SS values:

> Once, American and English newspapers published reports about cruelties happening in the German camps . . . When discussing this event, old-timers in the camp said that it was wrong for these foreign newspapers to interfere with German institutions and *expressed their hatred for these very journalists who had been trying to help them* . . . When in 1938 I asked more than a hundred former political prisoners if they thought that the story of the camp should be disclosed in foreign newspapers, many hesitated and found it difficult to agree with that suggestion. When I asked them if they would support a foreign power in a war against Nazism, only two were of the opinion that any person able to leave Germany should fight the Nazis to the best of his ability.

J. Pasqualini—whose book *Prisoner of Mao* is the most fundamental document on the Maoist "Gulag" and, thus, the most studiously ignored by the lobby which maintains that there is no human rights problem in the People's Republic—notes a similar phenomenon. He confesses that after a few years in the labor camps, he came, if not exactly to love the system which was methodically destroying his personality, at least *to feel gratitude* for the patience and care with which the Authorities were trying to re-educate worthless vermin like himself. Along the same line, Orwell showed premonitory genius in the last sentence of *1984*: at the instant of his execution, Winston Smith realizes that *He loves Big Brother,* that he had loved Big Brother all along . . .

SEEMINGLY, I have wandered away from my topic: instead of dealing with human rights, I have talked about the nature of totalitarianism, the falsification of the past, the alteration of reality, etc. In fact, all these observations are of direct relevance for our topic. We can summarize them by saying that totalitarianism is the apotheosis of *subjectivism.* In *1984,* the starting point of Winston Smith's revolt lies in this sudden awareness:

> The Party told you to reject the evidence of your eyes and ears. It was their final, most essential command. [*Once more, see the falsified photos of the Chinese leadership.*] Against that, what has the common man got? —The obvious, the silly, and the true had got to be defended. Truisms are true, hold



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on to that! The solid world exists, its laws do not change. Stones are hard, water is wet, objects unsupported fall toward the earth's center . . . If that is granted, all else follows.

Objectivism—the belief that there is an objective truth whose existence is independent of arbitrary dogma and ideology—is thus the very cornerstone of intellectual freedom and human dignity, and, as such, the main stumbling block for totalitarianism.

Objectivism, as opposed to totalitarianism, can take essentially two forms: legality or morality. For historico-cultural reasons, Western civilization seems to have put more emphasis on legality, while Chinese civilization was more inclined toward morality. Yet, to oppose the two concepts, as some admirers of Maoism have attempted to do, betrays a complete misreading of both notions. In traditional China, "morality" (which meant essentially Confucianism) was the main bulwark against incipient totalitarianism. This question was best expounded by the Chinese historian Yü Y'ing-shih, in a masterly essay ("Anti-intellectualism in Chinese Traditional Politics," *Ming Pao Monthly*, February and March 1976) which could be very schematically summarized as follows: Confucianism described the world in terms of a *dualism*: on the one hand there is the concrete, changing realm of actual politics, on the other hand there is the realm of the abstract, permanent principles. The duty of the scholar-politician is to serve the ruler in so far as the ruler's behavior and policies harmonize with the unchanging moral principles, which provide a stable reference by which to judge them. In case of a clash between the two realms, the Confucian scholar must, in the strong and unambiguous words of Hsun-tzu, "follow the principles and disobey the ruler."

When the Chinese Solzhenitsyns begin to expose the Maoist era in all its details, anyone who exclaims in horrified shock: 'My God! Had we only known!' will be a hypocrite and a liar

For this very reason, Maoist legality *and* Maoist morality are equally inconceivable: both are self-contradictions (the same applies to Stalinist, or Nazi, legality or morality: the terms are mutually exclusive). Mao himself readily and cynically acknowledged this situation; however, for his subordinates (as for Stalin's), this created, in practice, an increasingly dangerous and frightening situation, to the point where a number of old and prestigious Communist leaders could be bullied, persecuted, and even tortured to death during the "Cultural Revolution." During the "anti-Confucius campaign," Chou En-lai himself nearly tumbled into the Maoist frying pan; Teng Hsiao-p'ing twice had a taste of it. Having come so close to being devoured by the very monster they had created, Chinese leaders have recently begun to clamor for the establishment of some sort of legality. Their appeals, which have filled the pages of the *People's Daily* these last few months, are pathetic, because they run against the very nature of the regime: establishment of legality would mean the end of the system—with legal boundaries, Party authority would cease to be infallible and absolute, and the rule of law would mark the end of its ideological rule.

It is in this context of *institutional* illegality that the human rights question must be considered. In other words, for such a system, the very concept of "human rights" is meaningless. A sketchy record of the issue would, for instance, have to encompass, among others, the following points (listed at random, merely as illustrations):

1949-1952: Liquidation of counter-revolutionaries, land reform, "Three Antis" and "Five Antis" campaigns: five million executions (a conservative estimate, advanced by one of the most cautious and respected specialists on contemporary Chinese history, J. Guillermaz, in his *Le Parti Communiste Chinois au pouvoir*, Paris, 1972).

1957: "Anti-rightist campaign": according to the figures issued by the Minister for Public Security, during the months of June to October alone, "100,000 counter-revolutionaries and bad elements were unmasked and dealt with"; 1,700,000 subjected to police investigation; several millions sent to the countryside for "re-education."

1966-1969: "Cultural Revolution": no complete figures are available as yet. By Peking's own admission, the losses were heavy. (In the last interview he granted to Edgar Snow, Mao Tse-tung said that foreign journalists, even in their most sensational reporting, had grossly underestimated the actual amount of violence and bloodshed.) There are some partial figures: Han Suyin (interview in *Le Point*, Dec. 29, 1975) acknowledges 90,000 victims for Szechuan province *alone* (this figure is probably a fraction of the real one). Li Yi-che in his manifesto states that Lin Piao's repression in 1968, in Kwangtung province *alone*, had 40,000 victims.

"Anti-Lin Piao and Anti-Confucius Campaign" (1973-75), Campaign for the "Denunciation of the Gang of Four" (1976-78): both campaigns have been accompanied by a rash of executions, publicly announced in all Chinese cities; no figures are as yet available. Note that the campaign against the "Gang of Four," besides the bloody repression it entailed, also brought further disclosures about the bloody repressions which the Gang of Four itself had previously practiced. We learned, for instance, from the *People's Daily*, that under Madame Mao, in one single administration (the Culture Ministry), in Peking alone, *more than one thousand* persons were persecuted, jailed, tortured, or killed.

POLITICAL and intellectual dissent has produced the largest number of martyrs, continuously through the whole history of the People's Republic. In all periods it has been exemplified by daring and vocal personalities: Hu Feng (1955), Lin Hsi-ling (A Hundred Flowers), Teng T'o and Wu Han (criticism of Mao's policies), Yang Hsi-kuang (Cultural Revolution), and Li Cheng-t'ien (post-Cultural Revolution) to name only a few among the better known. Even more significant has been the dissent expressed by the anonymous masses: think for instance of a single incident such as the T'ien An Men demonstration of April 5, 1976: this spontaneous anti-Maoist outburst gathered 100,000 demonstrators (a figure acknowledged by New China News Agency) in the heart of Peking and met with brutal repression: three

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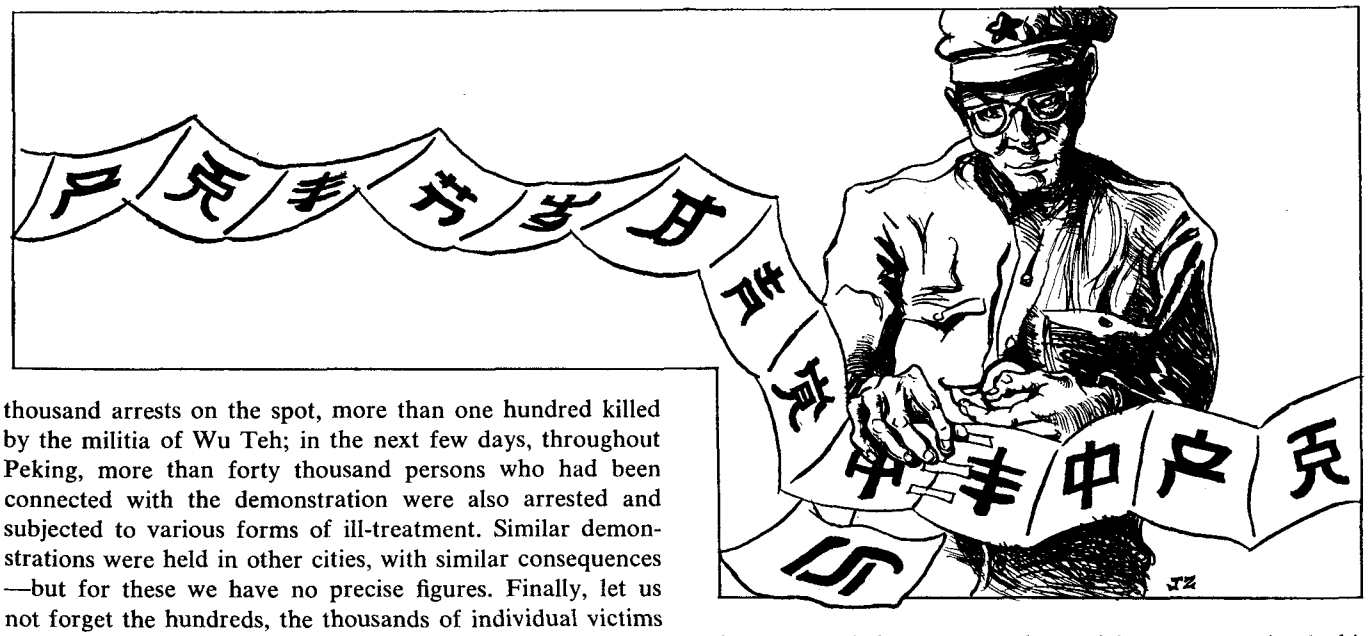

thousand arrests on the spot, more than one hundred killed by the militia of Wu Teh; in the next few days, throughout Peking, more than forty thousand persons who had been connected with the demonstration were also arrested and subjected to various forms of ill-treatment. Similar demonstrations were held in other cities, with similar consequences —but for these we have no precise figures. Finally, let us not forget the hundreds, the thousands of individual victims who all the time, all over China, are routinely arrested and condemned to hard labor or executed merely for having expressed unorthodox opinions: no one takes notice of them; they never make the headlines in our newspapers; it is only by chance encounter that, here and there, a more attentive visitor comes across their names and records their fate.

The Chinese "Gulag": this gigantic topic is well described by first-hand witnesses: J. Pasqualini, *Prisoner of Mao*, New York, 1973; and Lai Ying, *The Thirty-Sixth Way*, New York, 1969. The reading of these accounts is a basic duty for everyone who professes the slightest concern for China. I have commented elsewhere on the central relevance of the labor camps for any meaningful analysis of the nature of the Maoist regime. Suffice it to say here that whoever wishes to dispose of the human rights issue in China without first tackling this particular topic is either irresponsible, or a fraud.

Chou En-lai observed quite accurately, in 1959, that "the present of the Soviet Union is the future of China." There will be, in the future, Chinese Solzhenitsyns to provide us with the fully documented picture of what Maoism in action meant for millions of people. Yet it should be remarked that the most amazing thing about Solzhenitsyn's impact is that the West reacted to his account as if it were *news*. Actually Solzhenitsyn's unique contribution lies in the volume and precision of his catalogue of atrocities—but, basically, he revealed nothing new. On the essential points, information on Soviet reality has been available for more than *forty* years, through the first-hand testimonies of unimpeachable witnesses such as Boris Souvarine, Victor Serge, Anton Ciliga, et al.

Practically no one heard of it at the time, because no one wanted to hear: it was inconvenient and inopportune. In the foreword to the 1977 edition of his classic essay on Stalin (1935), Souvarine recalls the incredible difficulties he had in finding a publisher for it in the West: everywhere, the intellectual elite endeavored to suppress the book: "It is going to needlessly harm our relations with Moscow." Only Malraux, adventurer and phony hero of the leftist intelligentsia, had the guts and the cynicism to state clearly his position in a private conversation: "Souvarine, I believe that you and your friends are right. However, at this stage, do not count on me to support you. I shall be on your side only when you will be on top. [*Je serai avec vous quand vous serez les plus forts.*]" How many times have we heard variants of that same phrase! On the subject of China, how many colleagues came to express private support and sympathy (these were still the bravest), apologizing profusely for not being able to say the same things in public. "You must understand my position . . . my professional commitments . . . I must keep my channels of communication open with the Chinese Embassy . . . I am due to go on a mission to Peking . . ."

Finally, I would like to examine successively the various methods which have been adopted in the West to dodge the issue of human rights in China.

The first line of escape is the one which I have just dealt with. It is to say: "We do not know for sure, we do not have sufficient information on the subject." Actually there are enough documents, books, witnesses to occupy entire teams of researchers for years to come. Of course, much more material is bound to surface; however, when the Chinese Solzhenitsyns begin to expose methodically the Maoist era in all its details, anyone who exclaims in horrified shock: "My God! had we only known!" will be a hypocrite and a liar: we know already the main outlines—basically, there can be no new revelations, only the filling in of more details. The essential information has been available practically since the establishment of the regime and everyone even slightly acquainted with Chinese affairs is aware of it.

It is true that, in comparison with the Soviet Union, there may be a *relative* scarcity of documentation; this does not mean (as some people have had the temerity to assert) that the situation is relatively better in China—it means exactly the opposite. The fact is, there is no Sakharov in the Chinese Academy of Sciences today. Did we hear of any Sakharov in the Academy of Sciences in Moscow under Stalin? No Chinese dissidents hold press conferences in Pe-

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help!!!!

Bundles from Britain

Poor Zambia! Guerrillas,
  Who use it as a base,
Were mauled a bit the other day
  When Ian Smith gave chase;
So Britain's sending missiles
  And lots of ack-ack, too,
Because, when Zambians get hurt,
  It makes the British blue.

W. H. VON DREELE

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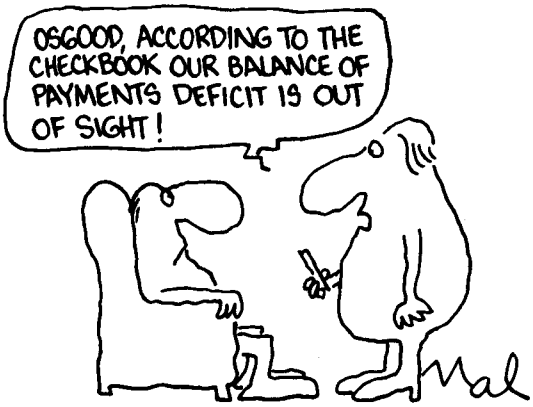

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(Continued from page 1541)

king with foreign correspondents, or keep telephone links with the outside world. Which Soviet dissident ever held press conferences or could be reached by phone from Paris or London under Stalin?

The Stalin analogy is acutely relevant here, since Maoist China always kept, and still keeps, proclaiming its unwavering fidelity to the principles of Stalinism; even Khrushchev's half-hearted de-Stalinization was more than Mao could bear, and was taken by Peking as the ultimate proof of Soviet ideological betrayal. Maoist China professes its Stalinism proudly and graphically. (I always marvel at those foreign visitors who remain blind in the face of the evidence, and manage never to see those ubiquitous portraits of Stalin which are to be encountered at every step in China, beginning with the gigantic one which decorates T'ien An Men, in the very heart of Peking.)

The second line of escape (possibly the most sickening one) is to say sadly: "Yes, indeed, we know; there have been gross irregularities—even what you might call atrocities. But this is a thing of the past: it was all due to the evil influence of the Gang of Four." This new tune is now being dutifully sung by the entire choir of the fellow-travelers, the traveling salesmen of Maoism, the sycophants, the propaganda commissars—the very people who, a few years ago, used to tell us how everything was wonderful in China under the enlightened rule of that same Gang of Four . . . Pretending shock and indignation, they now come and tell us horrible stories—as if we did not know it all, as if they had not known it all—the very stories *we* told years ago;

Since the downfall of the Gang of Four, intellectual and cultural life seems to be allowed a genuine if limited freedom, but political control and repression are tighter than before

but at that time, they labeled it "anti-China slander" and "CIA lies."

The downfall of the Gang of Four is a momentous event; this is not the place to analyze its meaning in the context of the continual power-struggle over policy. We are here concerned only with its implications regarding the human rights issue; these implications appear thus far negligible. Violations of human rights, political and intellectual repression, mass deportations, persecution of dissenters, etc., were perpetrated for nearly twenty years *before* the Gang of Four came to power; for all we know, these methods and policies have not significantly changed now that the Gang has been disgraced: witness for instance the routine arrest, condemnation, and execution of a teacher named Ho Ch'un-shu last February; his crime was holding "reactionary ideas" and criticizing the Communist Party leadership.

The terms in which criticism of the Gang is being expressed, the methods by which the denunciation is being pursued, represent a direct continuation of the very language and methods of the Gang itself. At no stage is any politically meaningful criticism and analysis allowed to develop; the basic questions (Whence did the Gang derive its power? What kind of regime is it which allows such characters to reach supreme power? How should the system be reformed to prevent similar occurrences in future?) are never raised. One man could have raised them: Li Cheng-t'ien, the main author of the courageous and lucid manifesto *On Democracy and Legality under Socialism* (1974). He alone dared to challenge the Gang of Four when they were still in power. Had their disgrace represented more than a mere change of personnel in the ruling bureaucracy, Li should have been vindicated and allowed to pursue his political analysis. What in fact happened to him delineates the exact extent and meaning of this so-called "denunciation of the Gang of Four": Li was again arrested (he had been arrested a first time by Lin Piao in 1968 and a second time by the Gang of Four in 1975) and, this time, sentenced to life imprisonment.

It is true that under the Gang of Four the life of the mind was frozen; China was a cultural wasteland. But the confusion created by the power-struggle at the top left numerous opportunities for political dissent. What is happening now is an inversion in some respect of the previous situation: intellectual and cultural life seems to be allowed a genuine if limited freedom, but political control and repression are tighter than before.

The third line of escape goes like this: "We admit, there may be gross infringements of human rights in China. But the first of all human rights is to survive, to be freed from hunger. The infringement of human rights in China is dictated by harsh national necessity."

What causal relationship is there between infringement of human rights and the ability to feed the people? The very relative and limited ability of the People's Republic to feed its people represents but the bare minimum achievement one could expect from *any* Chinese government which had enjoyed for a quarter of a century similar conditions of peace, unity, and freedom from civil war, from colonialist exploitation, from external aggression—a chance no other Chinese government had had in the last hundred years. Teng Hsiao-p'ing in a recent speech (March 18, 1978) bluntly acknowledged the backwardness and basic failure of the economy of the People's Republic: after thirty years of Communist rule "several hundred million people are still mobilized full time in the exclusive task of producing food . . . We still have not really solved the grain problem . . . our industry is lagging behind ten or twenty years . . ." In proportion to population, food production in the People's Republic has not yet overtaken the record of the best Kuomintang years, more than forty years ago. The economic take-off has not yet been achieved: China is still in a marginal situation, not yet secure from potential starvation, always vulnerable to the menace of successive bad harvests or other natural catastrophes.

Some of the major catastrophes which have hit the People's Republic and crippled its development were entirely Mao-made and were able to happen only because the totalitarian nature of the regime prevented rational debate and

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forbade informed criticism and realistic assessment of objective conditions. Suffice it here to mention two well-known illustrations. 1) The "Great Leap Forward," which Mao's private fancy imposed upon the country, resulted in widespread famine (an authoritative expert such as L. La Dany ventured the figure of *fifty million* dead from starvation during the years 1959-62). Falsified production statistics were issued by the local authorities, so as to protect the myth of the Supreme Leader's infallibility; by hiding the extent of the disaster, the authorities prevented its being tackled early on, and made the tragedy even worse. 2) The problem of population control: in the early Fifties, one of China's most

Foreigners who pretend that 'the Chinese are not interested in human rights' obviously never read the wall posters: Chinese are clamoring for rights, often at the risk of their lives

distinguished economists and demographers, Ma Yin-ch'u, expressed the common-sense warning that it would be necessary to control population growth; otherwise the demographic explosion would cancel the production increase. Mao, however, held to the crude and primitive peasant belief, "the more Chinese, the better": Ma was purged, all debate on this crucial issue was frozen for years, and precious time was wasted before Mao reversed his earlier conclusion (Ma himself had to wait twenty years for Mao to die before obtaining his rehabilitation). Such examples could easily be multiplied. In a totalitarian system, whenever common sense clashes with dogma, common sense loses—at a tremendous cost to national development and the people's livelihood. The harm caused by arbitrary decisions enforced without the moderating counterweight of debate and criticism almost certainly exceeds whatever advantage could be gained from the monolithic discipline achieved by the system.

The fourth line of escape is articulated in several variations on a basic theme: "China is different."

First variation: "Human rights are a Western concept, which has no relevance in the Chinese context." The inherent logic of this line of thought, though seldom expressed with such frankness, amounts to saying: "Human rights are one of those luxuries which befit us, wealthy and advanced Westerners. It is preposterous to imagine that mere natives of exotic countries could qualify for a similar privilege, or would even be interested in it." Or, more simply: "Human rights do not apply to the Chinese, because the Chinese are not really human."

Since the very enunciation of this kind of position excuses one from taking the trouble to refute it, I shall merely add here one incidental remark. Human rights are not a foreign notion in modern Chinese history. Nearly one century ago, the leading philosopher and political reformer K'ang Yu-wie (1858-1827) included it in his *Ta Tung Shu* and made it the cornerstone of his political philosophy. In practice, under the first republic, a human rights movement developed effectively as a protest against the white terror of the Kuomintang; the famous "China League for Civil Rights" was founded in 1932 and mobilized the intellectual elite of the time, with prestigious figures such as Ts'ai Yuan-pei, Sung Ch'ing-ling, and Lu Hsun; it also had its martyrs, such as Yang Ch'üan (assassinated in 1933). However, the history of human rights in China is after all an academic question. What is of burning relevance is the present situation. Foreigners who pretend that "the Chinese are not interested in human rights" obviously never read the Chinese wall posters: the Chinese are clamoring for rights, often at the risk of their lives. Recently, even the *People's Daily* began to expound the same theme. I shall return to this important point later on.

Second variation: "We must respect China's right to be different." One could draw interesting logical extensions of that principle. Had Hitler refrained from invading neighboring countries and merely contented himself with slaughtering his own Jews at home, some might have said: "Slaughtering Jews is probably a German idiosyncrasy; we must refrain from judging it and respect Germany's right to be different."

Third variation: "China has always been subjected to despotic regimes;* there is thus no particular reason for us to become indignant at this one." Such reasoning is faulty twice over: first, because Chinese traditional government was far less despotic than Maoism; secondly, because, even had it been more despotic than Maoism, this would still not provide a justification. The second point does not need to be argued (since when can past atrocities justify those committed in the present?). Let us very briefly consider the first.

THE GREAT AGES of Chinese civilization such as the T'ang and the Northern Sung presented a political sophistication whose enlightenment and liberalism had no equivalent in the world until modern times. Other periods were markedly more despotic; some (Ch'in, Ming), even tried to achieve a kind of totalitarianism. However, they were always severely hampered by technical obstacles (genuine totalitarianism had to wait for twentieth century technology to become really feasible). Ming politics were ruthless and terrifying, but they were such only for the relatively small fraction of the population who came into contact with them. In the mid-sixteenth century, Chinese officialdom consisted of some ten to fifteen thousand civil servants, for a total population of about 150 million. These officials were concentrated in the cities, while most of the population was living in the villages; distance and slow communications preserved the autonomy of most rural communities; the great majority of the Chinese could spend an entire lifetime without ever having come into contact with one single representative of imperial authority.

The last dynasty, which ruled China for nearly three centuries, the Ch'ing dynasty, was unquestionably authoritar-

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*Dr. S. FitzGerald expressed this point so felicitously in his recent paper on the subject that I cannot resist the temptation to quote him. He spoke of the Maoist regime as "authoritarianism tempered by Marxism-Leninism," which reminded me of the well-known definition of the Byzantine empire: "despotism tempered by assassination."

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The Sunset Dawn

The Lawmakers

M. STANTON EVANS

THE THEORY of representative government tells us that elected agents of the people write the law that governs our society and are held accountable for the outcome through the sanction of periodic voting. Events in Washington suggest that this conception is very far from the manner in which the national business is conducted. Congress is only marginally in charge of things, if it can be said to be in charge at all. The task of daily legislation is in fact performed by unelected officials of the Executive bureaucracy.

The principal reason for this anomaly is that the Federal Government is trying to do too many things, attempting to regulate in fine-grained fashion the workings of a vast economy embracing 220 million people. There is no possible way the countless variables involved in such an enterprise can be debated and resolved in legislative chambers. Thus, with increasing frequency, the lawmakers remand the problem to Executive agents, permitting them to draw up the rules by which society is regulated. The effects of this renunciation may be seen in the thousands of "regs" pumped out each day by Executive agents in the pages of the *Federal Register*.

The enormous leverage that this arrangement confers on the Executive bureaucracy is enhanced by the inertia of the political system. Congressmen may come and go, but the bureaucracy goes on forever, insulated from the electoral process by the supposed reform of Civil Service. Add the fact that each of the programs administered by the Executive agencies has a constituency of some kind that will fight to the death against material changes, and it is easy to see why the machine rolls on in pretty much the same old fashion, regardless of who is elected to public office.

Recent months have seen a growing awareness of this problem in Congress, and a number of halting attempts to get the situation under control. Stung by the multiple stimuli of Vietnam, Watergate, and the tax revolt, Congress has been trying to invent methods for reclaiming some portion of its authority from the Executive. So far no single measure has shown much promise of getting the job done, but the cumulative weight of many such enactments may eventually have some impact.

Among the most popular of current proposals for re-establishing congressional power is the so-called "sunset" concept, which was embodied in numerous bills before the just-concluded Congress and actually gained passage in the Senate (albeit in diluted form). The idea behind the "sunset" laws—and the related "zero-base" budgeting and programming systems—is to require that agencies, programs, and appropriations go automatically out of business after a period unless there is a systematic review and an affirmative vote in their behalf by Congress.

IF SUCCESSFULLY implemented the "sunset" concept would reverse the de facto rule that is presently followed in such matters. Under current procedure, any program or agency already on the books is virtually assured of immortality, so long as there is a constituency served by it which can be counted on to rise in wrath if any move is made toward abolition or reduction. "Sunset" legislation would reverse the burden of proof and legislative initiative, requiring proponents of the agency or program to justify its existence, rather than coasting through to victory on inertia.

The bill to this effect adopted by the Senate (S-2) was the handiwork of Senators Edmund Muskie of Maine, William Roth of Delaware, Claiborne Pell of Rhode Island, and 57 co-sponsors. It requires that all federal programs and agencies—with certain specified exceptions—go out of existence in ten years' time unless there is an affirmative vote by Congress to keep them going. The bill requires a systematic review of the programs before a vote is taken, mandates an inventory of existing programs at the end of every session of Congress, and sets up procedures by which some programs will be selected for special in-depth evaluation.

Companion bills are pending in the House of Representatives. One such is HR-1960, the Regulatory Agency Abolition Act, submitted by Representative James Lloyd of California and over seventy co-sponsors; as the name suggests, this is a "sunset" bill specifically targeted at regulatory agencies. Of similar tendency are HR-3181, submitted by Representative Abner Mikva of Illinois, and HR-3100, proposed by Representatives John Anderson of Illinois and Barbara Jordan of Texas.

All these bills contain provisions for the outright termination of federal regulatory agencies unless their performance is approved, and lease on life continued, by specific legislation. It seems doubtful that the sponsors actually mean to put the agencies out of operation, although in certain cases this would be an excellent idea. What is intended, instead, is that the threat of possible termination become an "action-forcing mechanism," requiring intensive review of what the agency is doing and hence an improvement in congressional performance of the oversight function.

Proposals of this type have been subjected to criticism on a number of grounds. The most frequent objection is that the "sunset" approach would vastly multiply the quantities of red tape unfurled from Washington, slowing a cumbersome regulatory process even further. This is probably true, but not necessarily fatal: to the extent that regulation is difficult to administer, less of it is likely to get done.

Passage of such legislation, in and of itself, of course, won't solve our governmental problems. The difficulties we confront are substantive in nature, unlikely to yield to procedural alterations. Still, the existence of such mechanisms will prove extremely useful if we ever get a Congress that is willing to tackle the problems of the expanding welfare state on a substantive basis. The "sunset" idea, in that perspective, seems worthy of support. □

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Against Socialist Fusionism

Sage Brush

DALE VREE

THE SUMMER ISSUE of the socialist quarterly *Dissent* carries a fascinating symposium on "What is socialism?" It consists of a lead-off article by Robert Heilbroner; then rejoinders by such stalwarts as Lewis Coser, Bogdan Denitch, Michael Harrington, and Michael Walzer; followed by a reply from Heilbroner. For Heilbroner, socialism is "not just an improved welfare state," but "another kind of society." Moreover, Heilbroner is one of those socialists who insists that "no one has yet observed this socialism in reality"—thereby relieving himself of the inordinate burden of having to defend Soviet, Chinese, or some other extant form of socialism. And yet he wants to come down out of the clouds and get a handle on what authentic socialism *really* would be like. He notes accurately that "most socialists, especially Marxists," have assiduously avoided doing this. He warns that his conclusions will "distress or even outrage" many readers of *Dissent*. And no wonder. He comes right out and says it: "Socialism cannot be the best of all worlds."

It is axiomatic for Heilbroner that the welfare state is not socialism, for it lacks centralized planning and a cultural superstructure grounded in a sense of collective morality; moreover, it cannot achieve radical redistribution of income or an alteration in current employment patterns. But he would not entirely do away with market mechanisms or traditional pre-capitalist economic arrangements. He would be hospitable to workers' control of the workplace and other participatory, anti-bureaucratic devices. And yet, he insists that socialism requires central economic coordination, which requires planning, which means "we are left with some form of command." Heilbroner comes clean, and for that he should be congratulated. He announces that "an aspect of authoritarianism resides inextricably in all planning systems." What Heilbroner is saying is that socialism is incompatible with "freedom" as that term is understood in bourgeois societies. It is a delusion to think we can have "a socialist cake with bourgeois icing," he says. So there! Libertarians: pat yourselves on the back. You figured that out long ago.

Heilbroner is also saying what many contributors to *NR* have said over the last quarter-century: you can't have both freedom and virtue. Take note, traditionalists. Despite his dissonant terminology, Heilbroner is interested in the same thing you're interested in: virtue.

He says a socialist society cannot have a bourgeois culture because such a culture revolves around the primacy of the individual. A socialist cake must have socialist icing—it must foster the primacy of the collectivity. Heilbroner doesn't say which collectivities he has in mind; however, I don't see why he would have to rule out those mediating collectivities that protect the individual from both the centralized state and his own worst impulses—the family, church, labor union, and voluntary association—which Robert Nisbet has so eloquently celebrated. Nothing Heilbroner says would quash the possibility that there could be a socialist pluralism, just as there is a capitalist pluralism.

Anything Goes

What should secretly fascinate many traditionalists (most will be horrified, at least in public) is that Heilbroner is seeking a way to transcend egotistical materialism. "Bourgeois culture is focused on the *material achievement* of the individual. Socialist culture must focus on his or her *moral or spiritual achievement*." (Italics his.) There is a traditionalist ring to that statement.

But, it will be objected, no conservative could take to Heilbroner, because he is a messianist, a Gnostic—he wants to immanentize the Eschaton. Apparently not. Heilbroner—like most of us, really—does believe that societies can be improved, but he doesn't want to quarrel with the old saw that "you can't change human nature."

What bothers Heilbroner about capitalist culture is exactly what bothers most traditionalists. Capitalism has no sense of "the good." Culturally, just about everything is permitted because just about nothing can ultimately violate capitalism's idea of what is good. Homosexual bath houses, hookers' balls, adult bookstores, abortion-on-demand, *ad nauseam*—what does capitalism have to say about any of that beyond the nostrum about "consenting adults"? But, Heilbroner says alluringly, because a socialist society must have a sense of "the good," not everything will be permitted.

A New Fusion?

Well, what do Heilbroner's socialist comrades have to say about all this? They don't like it, but they aren't able to say much beyond Harrington's limp "I think it may be possible to have a 'socialist cake with bourgeois icing.'" They are, if you will, socialist "fusionists" who think it is possible to have economic collectivism along with cultural individualism. Their position is reminiscent of the conservative fusionists who hold that cultural collectivism is compatible with economic individualism.

Now, if libertarians and traditionalists can agree on one thing it is that libertarianism and traditionalism are incompatible. Heilbroner is telling us that socialism and (cultural-political) libertarianism are incompatible. Will it turn out that both conservative and socialist fusionists have been trying to fuse the wrong things?

Several mavericks have been busy fusing right-wing libertarianism with left-wing libertarianism (anarchism). If the writings of such different socialists as Robert Heilbroner, Christopher Lasch, Morris Janowitz, Midge Decter, and Daniel Bell are indicative of a tendency, we may see the rise of a socialist-traditionalist fusionism. One wonders if America contains any "Tory Socialists" on the right side of its aisle who will go out to embrace them. □

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Through a Glass Darkly

A Distant Mirror
By Barbara W. Tuchman
Knopf, 597 pp., $15.95

MITCHELL S. ROSS

This is, first of all, a publishing phenomenon. Even when the author is as well known as Barbara Tuchman, it is extraordinary that a stiffly priced book of medieval history should sell nearly 200,000 copies in the United States of America. The imaginative leap is long between the guns of August and the politics of papal schism, and I admire the readers who have not shrunk from the task as long as the redoubtable Tuchman is their guide.

Have they been disappointed? Of course I cannot speak for them, but it would not surprise me if they were. My own enthusiasm was very great at the outset of my reading; I, too, had derived much pleasure and useful instruction from Mrs. Tuchman's previous offerings; I, too, was ready to follow wherever she might lead. And, for the first two hundred pages or so of this narrative, I was held willingly to my seat, pausing only to relight my cigar or refill my snifter. These pages set the scene for the miseries which follow: the aforementioned split between Rome and Avignon, the nip and tuck between England and France, the Black Death. We are introduced to Enguerrand VII de Coucy, one of the great nobles of his age and the Vinegar Joe Stilwell of this book: a biographical hero strategically placed to illuminate the general events. But, once the setting was made clear, I found my attention starting to wander. Soon my knees itched, and then my forearms; before long I was pacing the room. Although I finished the vast chronicle, I did so more as the captive of duty than as the slave of historical art that I had yearned to be.

Did "the calamitous fourteenth century," as the subtitle calls it, get the best of Mrs. Tuchman, flattening her narrative into a smooth chronicle of catastrophe? She had begun her investigation with "a desire to find out what were the effects on society of the most lethal disaster of recorded history—that is to say, of the Black Death of 1348-50, which killed an estimated one-third of the population living between India and Iceland. Given the possibilities of our own time, the reason for my interest is obvious." But the more she looked into this question, the less she found; references to the Black Death by fourteenth century writers were not numerous, and, more important, there was little evidence of any sort that the plague had upended the consciousness of the age. Finally, though, there remained "the interest of the period itself"; stripped of her original point of inquiry, she stayed with it.

It was an age in which war was chronic, engaging the passions in much the same way that sports do in our day; in this, at least, Western Civilization has made much progress: we still fight wars, but not as often, and we do not rely upon them for sport and glory as our ancestors did. By concentrating upon this aspect of fourteenth century history, however, Mrs. Tuchman has not necessarily extracted the most interesting representation of her period. Boccaccio, Petrarch, and Chaucer are all mentioned in passing, but none are treated as fully as a dozen dull warriors; the artists of the era rate barely more than a brief hello. The author never really addresses the economic situation of the times, either. In general, it is often difficult to discern the framework within which her characters are moving. We know that the Catholic Church was a mess, that chivalry was a battered ideal, and that charlatans abounded, but Mrs. Tuchman's narrative leaves a hazy impression of the whole scene.

All of this would be unimportant if her artistry were greater. She is, however, only a good writer, not a great one. She needs to have her events clearly ordered for her, as they were in *The Guns of August* or *The Zimmerman Telegram*; she is better working on small canvases than large ones. Her style has dignity, but little wit. "With no footing except in French support," she writes at one point, "Clement's papacy would have vanished like smoke, and the ruinous schism brought to an

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James A. Epperson *is a professor of English at Dartmouth. . . .* **Vic Gold**'*s most recent book is* PR as in President. *. . .* **John Lukacs** *is the author of* 1945: Year Zero, The Last European War, *and many other books. He is currently working on a social history of Philadelphia. . . .* **Mitchell S. Ross** *is the author of* The Literary Politicians.

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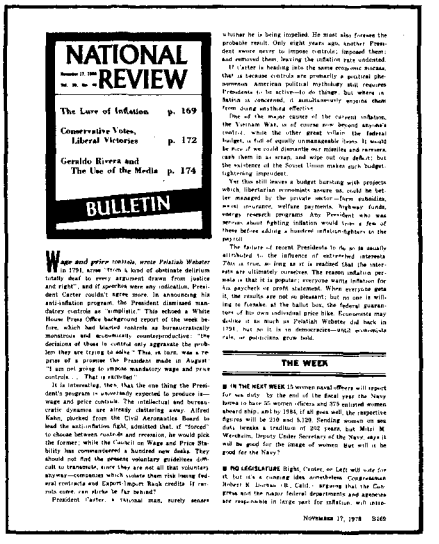

NATIONAL REVIEW

The Lure of Inflation p. 169

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Geraldo Rivera and The Use of the Media p. 174

BULLETIN

Wage and price controls, wrote Pelatiah Webster in 1791, arise "from a kind of obstinate delirium, totally deaf to every argument drawn from justice and right", and if overthrow were any indication, President Carter couldn't agree more. In announcing his anti-inflation program, the President dismissed mandatory controls as "simplistic." This echoed a White House Press Office background report of the week before, which had hailed controls as bureaucratically monstrous and economically counterproductive. "The decisions of those in control only aggravate the problem they are trying to solve." That, in turn, was a reprise of a promise the President made in August: "I am not going to impose mandatory wage and price controls. That is restricted."

It is interesting, then, that the one thing the President's program is universally reported to produce is—wage and price controls. The intellectual and bureaucratic dynamics are already clattering away: Alfred Kahn, plucked from the Civil Aeronautics Board to lead the anti-inflation fight, admitted that, if "forced" to choose between double-digit unemployment and inflation, he would pick the former; while the Council on Wage and Price Stability has commissioned a hundred new desks. They should not find the present voluntary guidelines difficult to transcend, since they are not all that voluntary anyway—companies which violate them risk losing federal contracts and Export-Import Bank credits if remedy-users are slow to be seized.

President Carter, a rational man, surely senses whither he is being impelled. He must also foresee the probable result. Only eight years ago, another President swore never to impose controls; imposed them; and removed them, leaving the inflation rate undented.

If Carter is heading into the same economic morass that is because controls are primarily a political phenomenon. American political mythology still requires Presidents to be active—to do things; but where inflation is concerned, it usually is only experts (those versed in anything effective).

One of the major causes of the current inflation, the Vietnam War, is of course now beyond anyone's control, while the other great villain, the federal budget, is full of equally unmanageable items. It would be nice if we could dismantle our missiles and navies, cash them in as scrap, and wipe out our deficit; but the existence of the Soviet Union makes such budget-lightening imprudent.

Yet this still leaves a budget bursting with projects which libertarian economists assure us could be better managed by the private sector—farm subsidies, social insurance, welfare payments, highway funds, energy research programs. Any President who was serious about fighting inflation would have a few of these before adding a hundred inflation-fighters to the payroll.

The failure of recent Presidents to do so is usually attributed to the influence of entrenched interests. This is true, as far as it goes; but it is realized that the interests are ultimately ourselves. The reason inflation persists is that it is popular: everyone wants inflation for his paycheck or profit statement. When everyone gets it, the results are not so pleasant; but no one is willing to forsake, at the ballot box, the federal guarantors of his own individual price hike. Economists may decline it as much as Pelatiah Webster did back in 1791, but so it is in democracies—which, with whole rule, or politicians grow bold.

THE WEEK

■ IN THE NEAR WEEK 15 women naval officers will report for sea duty. By the end of the fiscal year the Navy hopes to have 50 women officers and 370 enlisted women aboard ship; and by 1984, if all goes well, the respective figures will be 210 and 3,120. Sending women on sea duty, breaks a tradition of 202 years, but Miss M. Wareham, Deputy Under Secretary of the Navy, says it will be good for the image of women. But will it be good for the Navy?

■ NO LEGISLATURE Right, Ervine, on Left will vote for it, but it's a cunning idea nonetheless. Congressman Robert K. Dornan (R., Calif.) argues that the Congress and the major federal departments and agencies are responsible in large part for inflation, with irresponsible

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end, if the French had made that their object. But they did not. To admit error and cut losses is rare among individuals, unknown among states." This is a good specimen of her prose: "vanished like smoke" is hackneyed but not horrible, and it is followed by a solemn and sententious generalization. "When piety and virtue, the supposed springs of knightly conduct, were conspicuous by their absence," she writes on another occasion, "the cloak of honor and valor was all the more anxiously sought. Human beings of any age need to approve of themselves; the bad times in history come when they cannot." But I could as well argue that "the bad times in history" come when people approve of themselves too much: the point is that the aphorist must sparkle to succeed, and Mrs. Tuchman is in this respect a little dull.

Her greatest difficulty, however, is her own doing; this is the placement of Enguerrand VII de Coucy at the center of the narrative. Another Vinegar Joe he is not, at least as far as anybody knows: although clearly a talented and influential figure, he never comes to life; indeed, there was never any chance that he might do so. The only physical fact known about the man is his baldness. His deeds were chronicled by contemporary writers, particularly Froissart, whom he patronized, but Mrs. Tuchman could hardly have hoped to do more than rewrite her predecessors' work. Moreover, as our author is herself at pains to indicate, the kings of France, and not the nobles, were the central figures in the minds of men; so, if a biographical peg is required, and the historian is determined to have war, politics, and diplomacy as her primary story, then she is being quite contrary to make this shadowy noble, rather than a king, her hero, for her narrative is warped as a result.

Yet, despite these flaws, it can hardly be said that *A Distant Mirror* is a bad book, or that its stupendous success should be regarded as unfortunate. There are barely a handful of American historians alive today who can be read with pleasure as well as profit, and certainly Mrs. Tuchman is still one of them. It is easier to complain of her defects once you know that her books are being widely read. Like everyone else who has followed her thus far, I shall look forward to her next appearance. □

Final Entries 1945: The Diaries of Joseph Goebbels
Edited by Hugh Trevor-Roper
Putnam, 368 pp., $14.95

NOT A CLUE

JOHN LUKACS

The posthumous fate of Joseph Goebbels rests upon three pillars. He was one of the ablest propagandists and journalists of the century. He was the most radical and revolutionary figure among the leaders of the Third Reich. He was the most loyal and faithful devotee of Hitler, in whose last testament Goebbels was named Chancellor. Goebbels killed himself and his family in the Führerbunker a day or so after Hitler had committed suicide.

Like Hitler, Goebbels was a voluble man; he would harangue people by the hour. Unlike Hitler, he kept a voluminous diary for the last 19 years of his life; most of it was made available after the war, and the last fragments, discovered relatively recently, have now been presented to the world in this volume. For anyone who knows something about the last phase of the Third Reich, the result is disappointing. Large portions of the diaries consist of the German military situation report of the day. The editing is often sloppy: placenames are inaccurately given, and the many maps are poorly drawn.

These final entries are uninteresting principally because they do not give us a clue to what Goebbels really thought. Like Hitler, Goebbels was wholly aware that the war was about to be lost. Unlike Hitler's last statements, recorded by Bormann, the Goebbels diaries contain no speculations on what would, or could, happen in the world after the disappearance of the Third Reich. Like the Hitler-Bormann talks, the Goebbels diaries were obviously written with posterity in mind. Unlike Hitler's last recorded statements, Goebbels' ideas are indistinguishable from the standard Nazi propaganda of the period. On April 3, 1945, for example, Goebbels berates the Jews (this is after four million of them were killed) for having the impertinence to speak up, even after "having committed the most terrible crimes against mankind." If Goebbels really believed this in 1945, it is of little or no use to occupy ourselves with him further. If he did not, these diaries do not give even a speck of a clue to what he really did believe. His views of Britain, France, the United States, and Western Europe are without subtlety, consisting of either vituperation or wishful thinking or both.

Whatever interest these diaries possess resides in the occasional thin shafts of light that illuminate the thinking of Hitler, not of Goebbels. We have known for some time that Goebbels favored peace with Stalin over an arrangement with the Western Powers, after which the Germans could turn their armies to the west and drive the Anglo-Americans into the sea. The terms that Hitler and Goebbels would offer to Stalin were: a renewed partition of Poland; Hungary and Croatia under German suzerainty; and the abandonment of the rest of Eastern Europe, including Greece, to Russia—a settlement infinitely worse than the one Roosevelt and Churchill were making with Stalin. (So much for the German propaganda that the Third Reich was Europe's last bulwark against Bolshevism.) Hitler and Goebbels were aware that Stalin would not respond unless the German armies were to strike a telling blow against the Russians in the field. While a separate peace with Russia was Goebbels' *idée fixe* throughout the war, from these diaries it appears that Hitler's preference for a separate peace with the Western Powers was not absolute either. Goebbels implores Hitler to address the German nation in ultimate distress. Hitler knows that the time is not yet . . . if ever. Goebbels begs Hitler to attempt a radical diplomatic solution; Hitler knows that, in the conditions that obtained, this would be futile. In sum, Hitler, compared to Goebbels, appears as an elder statesman, walking under clouds of tragedy, restraining his impetuous younger friend, knowing many things that the latter does not know. Hitler is the elder

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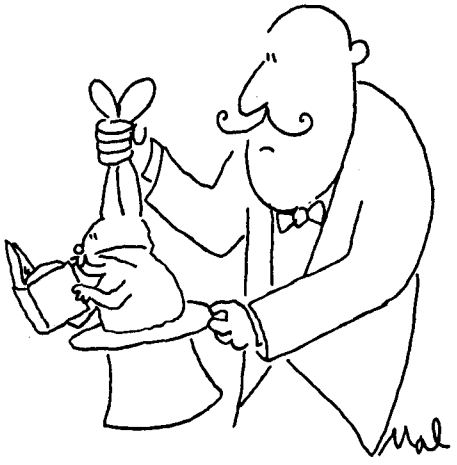
statesman, except for one thing: his obsession with the Jews.

Julius Streicher, the editor of the *Stürmer*, was a vulgarian and a purveyor of—literally, not merely metaphorically—obscene and near-pornographic propaganda. On March 30, 1945—one month before his demise—Hitler tells Goebbels to restore Streicher, who had been demoted to obscurity earlier in the war: "The Führer is happy that I am going to find some opportunity for Streicher to work. He has Streicher very much at heart and Streicher deserves to be brought somewhat more into the limelight at the present time." Bringing Streicher into the limelight, at the very time when every thinking person in Germany, including Hitler and Goebbels, was convinced that they must do everything to establish an armistice with the Allies at the first suitable opportunity . . . what madness! It reflects the extremes of Hitler's antisemitism, his basic obsession, the depths of which have not yet been adequately probed, in spite of entire libraries devoted to the subject, and in spite of the lucubrations of the psycho-historians.

In sum, these diaries are a so-called primary source, without much interest. "Goebbels' diary is a red-hot, first-hand primary source," writes Hugh Trevor-Roper, who ought to know better than to lapse into cheap Americanisms. On the basis of their evidence, Goebbels believed what he said. Whether he said what he believed, God alone knows. His reputation should now diminish further. Perhaps this is the fate of all great propagandists in the mass age. Publicity geniuses end up by becoming caricatures of themselves. Their public *persona* ends up by swallowing the private man. □



SWELL LETTERS

Miss Rhode Island
By Norman Kotker
Farrar, 214 pp., $8.95

BEAUTY IS TRUTH

D. KEITH MANO

Great beauty is a disfigurement: freakish as microcephalia. No, even worse than that: I mean, who'd be *jealous* of a tiny-headed broad? The beautiful are isolate: unfingerable: fetus-in-a-bottle geeks. *And the well-endowed Miss Nov.-Dec.-Jan. isn't just another pretty face, she's training to be a dental hygienist. She certainly makes our mouth water.* Pizzle on that: you'll never find Miss Month between your middle-class teeth. And you—with the receding hairline and that CETA job—would you dare ask her for a date? She's not constitutional: created more equal than us. *I want someone to love me for myself*, she'd say. But what is self? What would Cheryl Tiegs be if she walked like a walrus on shore leave? She'd be self-different: lots. Beauty (also talent, cash, fame, other crippling accidental traits) tends to domineer, be time- and image-consumptive. The full self is arrested in Bobby Fischer eccentricity: a David Levine exaggeration. They're insecure, lonesome: wall-flowered by popularity: for God's sake play chess, sign a check, stride down the runway again. I know loveliness is only skin deep: on the other hand flayed people aren't too attractive either. So fling up prayers, 1928 style, for those who are sick in mind, body, and estate—and for those who, Lord save them, are knock-outs on the Gorgeous Scale.

Which-all Norman Kotker has done. In a novel of impeccable comic grace: a novel you could invite to dinner with the boss. Comic, but not once snide-satirical: a temptation surely, given the stench of burnt D cups enfogging Miss America in 1978. And from the fifty possible entrants he chose Yvonne Doucette: a character so sweet, cranky, vulnerable, confused, intelligent, and human that I'd let Kotker write my next blind date. Yvonne of Rhode Island. You get the tonal whimsy right off: yes, there can be loveliness, passion, heightened experience even in a place of such inconsequential size that, I think, all its highways must be interstate.

"Who is more beautiful, you or me?" Kotker will ask. (Not, note, "you or I.") Parables are told in the second person: latent, overt. And a second person, to sustain intimateness, must be conversant, with/in vernacular diction. Kotker's is, marvelously: his kind and considerable wit has a spoken-to-you sound. The genre, Novel, began that way: a lesson, a bit of gossip, an arm-in-elbow revelation. This is known as the classical style—Richardson, Fielding, Thackeray—but, since Freud unkenneled all our inner people, we've been talking to ourselves: overheard at best. The classical style fell into malign neglect: it wasn't oblique, natural, unconscious enough. Yet I'll chance a prediction: the second person, that crass and intrusive device, is about to have its renaissance. And it should: a novelist selects, connives, intrudes anyhow. Why shouldn't he own up? The novelist, Garth, owns up to his fiction, Carey. Are writers less forthright than a politician now?

BUT BEYOND that, more to the point, Kotker has entered all us second persons at Atlantic City: massive, hopeless write-in voting. "I have lost, you have lost, and your girlfriend, she is a loser too, admit it." Didn't even reach the hemi-demi-semi-final. We are all contestants: an eight-day week of it. Is your haberdashery better cut than mine? Will they invite me back to their house first, or you? Don't fig a nose at beauty competition: since Paris it has been the cause of wars. I've done independent research: even in lib land a beauty pageant—not just America: World, Universe, New York, Miss Sanit. Dept.—will rubberhose *Mork and Mindy* to death on the Nielsen machine. *Every single time.* "Reader rejoice . . . Do you remember when you lay on the bed, crying like this?" We do. It isn't cruelness, revenge: merely recognition. Losers own a larger constituency than Number One. And yes: your haber has more dash: I admit it.

Yvonne, put in contention by her prankish brother, is left holding the fecal end: hated, hunted, gawked upon, envied: the mutilation of beauty and Ocean State fame. It's more convenient to have a mongoloid in your attic room. Her lover, she can guess, loves Miss

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Rhode Island more. If she doesn't cop Miss A, she'll blow him, too. If she does, he'll be outclassed: lost either way. Her family, meanwhile, is in stasis: waiting to grow again. Her brother, his maturity postponed, gets a horrible tattoo: the analogue of Yvonne's disfigurement. Yet, because we are a competitive race, she is finally snagged by it. She wants.

Beauty is truth, truth beauty—said that sententious urn. But the figures on it couldn't move. *Miss Rhode Island* is Keats's poem repotted. Handsomely, and in a more accessible mode. □

Just Representations: A James Gould Cozzens Reader
Edited by Matthew J. Bruccoli
Southern Illinois University Press, 602 pp., $14.95

ECLIPSE

JAMES A. EPPERSON

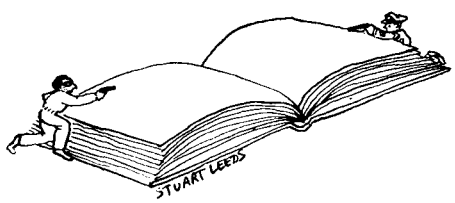
Only twenty years ago, any list of our top-ranking novelists would surely have included the name of James Gould Cozzens. His short stories and novels had won prizes and critical attention. Six of his books had been selected by the Book-of-the-Month Club. *By Love Possessed* (1957) received all the acclaim a writer could hope for: commercial success as a best-seller, condensation in the *Reader's Digest*, a cover story in *Time*, $250,000 for the movie rights, and, in 1960, the prestigious Howells Medal for fiction, awarded every five years by the American Academy of Arts and Letters. One respected critic went so far as to suggest Cozzens as a nominee for the Nobel Prize. And such a suggestion seemed, at the time, perfectly apt. Cozzens had written a number of distinguished novels fully in the tradition of Hawthorne, Edith Wharton, and Henry James. One of them, *Guard of Honor* (1948), a fine novel by any standard and in any time, received the Pulitzer Prize and was called "the best American novel of World War II."

Such honors and distinction, one thought in 1957, would assure Cozzens of an enduring literary reputation. Yet now who reads his novels? Who not yet in middle age has even heard his name? He is certainly not read in college courses devoted to modern American fiction, where one naturally finds such contemporaries of Cozzens as Hemingway, Fitzgerald, and Faulkner—but also Jack Kerouac, Kurt Vonnegut, and William Burroughs, writers of little or no reputation in the late Fifties.

After about 1960, while other and perhaps less significant novelists rose to popularity, Cozzens virtually disappeared from our collective literary consciousness. His last book, *Morning, Noon, and Night*, received scattered and generally hostile notices when it was published in 1968, a bad year for books as for many other manifestations of American culture.

Perhaps now that the turmoil of the Sixties is fading, Cozzens' work may emerge from the curious limbo to which it has been assigned. The volume under review is an attempt to help it do just that, to provide an introductory and comprehensive review of Cozzens' fiction in an omnibus that includes one complete novel (*Ask Me Tomorrow*), generous and relatively self-contained excerpts from six of his major books, and some stories, essays, letters, and reviews. Sandwiched between these chunks of Cozzens are appreciative essays by distinguished critics and men of letters. Professor Matthew J. Bruccoli, who edited the volume, has also contributed a perceptive biographical essay. In addition to the reprinted pieces by Jerome Weidman and Brendan Gill, there are four critical essays by academic writers, all of whom write appreciatively of Cozzens' art; in particular, Noel Perrin, Frederick Bracher, and Richard Ludwig offer analytical commentary in support of their enthusiasm.

All the critics included in this volume are puzzled and rather aggressive about what they rightly see as the unjustified, almost conspiratorial, neglect of Cozzens by the critical establishment—that



RANDOM NOTES

■ SOME DECEMBER TITLES: Andrei D. Sakharov's *Alarm and Hope* (Knopf, $8.95), edited by Efrem Yankelevich and Alfred Friendly Jr., is a compilation of the dissident physicist's essays, interviews, and speeches of the last two years. . . . In *The Zionist Connection: What Price Peace?* (Dodd, Mead, $19.95), Alfred M. Lilienthal argues that the Zionists have since 1948 supplied the world with a diet of "myth-information," unscrupulously flung charges of "antisemitism" at people who disagree with them, and used 3 per cent of the U.S. population, 76 per cent of which is located in six states, to bring pressure upon the American Government to support Israel's every whim. Lilienthal believes that peace in the Middle East will be possible only if the Israeli government is reorganized to share power with the Palestinian Arabs. . . . Joan Colebrook, a contributor to *The New Yorker* and *Commentary*, has written a study of the 1960s called *Innocents of the West: Travels through the West* (Basic, $15) in which she evinces fears for the survival of Western democracy, set about by organized revolutionaries. . . . *Lobbying the Corporation: Citizen Challenges to Business Authority* (Basic, $14.95) by David Vogel claims that the phenomenon is here to stay and attributes it to a decline in the legitimacy of the state.

The Little Magazine in America: A Modern Documentary History (Pushcart, $25), edited by Elliott Anderson and Mary Kinzie, covers such publications as *Paris Review*, *Kenyon Review*, etc. . . . Kevin McAuliffe's *The Great American Newspaper: The Rise and Fall of the Village Voice* (Scribner's, $14.95) is a history of the *Voice* from its founding in 1955 by anti-establishmentarians to its capture by Rupert Murdoch. The project had the blessings and cooperation of Dan Wolf, the paper's founder. . . . A new collection of criticism from Wilfrid Sheed: *The Good Word & Other Words* (Dutton, $10.95). . . . Michael Slater has edited a volume of observations by Charles Dickens called *Dickens on America and the Americans* (University of Texas, $12.95). The novelist liked America about as well as Frances Trollope, but more than Lord Russell, did. . . . Irving Howe's *Celebrations and Attacks: Thirty Years of Literary and Cultural Commentary* (Horizon, $12.95) is full of skirmishes in the great New York Literary Wars. Old firehorses will enjoy these bells.

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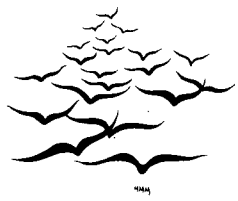
is, by the majority of academic and "New York" literary critics. Explaining this neglect and overcoming it is largely the task of these critics and is, one assumes, the purpose of the anthology itself.

Several reasons are given for the sudden eclipse of Cozzens' once brilliant reputation, none of which seems convincing. Some point to Cozzens' obdurate refusal to grant interviews, to appear on talk shows, to become a celebrity. Such reticence, however, has not injured the esteem granted to Thomas Pynchon or (still) to J. D. Salinger, both of whom remain firmly and obsessively private. Others argue that Cozzens' style is too cerebral, too allusive, too controlled. Yet no one would deny cerebration, allusive reference, learning, or architectonic control in the writers named above, not to mention Mailer, Nabokov, Joyce Carol Oates, Bellow, John Hawkes, or Donald Barthelme—all writers whose works are regularly explicated in university lecture halls. The causes for this neglect of Cozzens must be found elsewhere, in the mysterious turns of literary fashion, and in the tremendous cultural upheavals of the last two decades, which fractured and then fragmented our literary ideologies.



We find a clue to these changes in the year 1957, the year of Cozzens' most successful novel, *By Love Possessed*—and also the year in which Norman Mailer turned in a new and astonishingly fruitful direction with the publication of his essay "The White Negro." At the same time, Kerouac published *On the Road*, a book that was to have an immense influence on the thoughts and deeds and writings popular in the Sixties. Both of these authors consciously rejected the novelistic *form* that they and Cozzens had inherited from a long American tradition, a form that Cozzens sharpened and refined in over three decades as a writer. His novels attempted to be "just representations" of men and manners in the twentieth century, judicious, realistic, objective, and accurate imitations of tone and detail. In contrast, the novel of the Sixties and Seventies was to be fact-and-fiction, *reportage*, polemics, or propaganda; it was to be autobiographical, plotless, solipsistic, or narrowly topical, and to range from the impressionistic to the surrealistic and absurd. Cozzens rigorously rejected these fashionable positions.

In addition, our most recent novels have played on (and perhaps played out) themes of anxiety, despair, violence, moral and spiritual relativism, and the blind aggressions of military, sexual, or social conflict. Cozzens' novels do not ignore these themes; to do so would have indicated a willful disregard of the stresses of our century. Nor does he reconcile the problems these themes raise with sentimental or contrived solutions. Cozzens can be as bleak as Pynchon, as realistic as Mailer, and as ironically searching as Bellow.

Where Cozzens parts company with his contemporaries is in his ideological stoicism, his refusal to yield to despair or trendy nihilism, his steady belief that intelligence can impose form on experience, that excellence is necessary and possible, and that the abiding virtues in what we now pejoratively call the Puritan Ethic are indeed virtues. In other words, his novels celebrate and define the limits of honor, faith, education, hard work, dignity, loyalty, restraint, and the responsibility incumbent on those who possess (accidentally perhaps) social rank and material wealth.

Cozzens, then, pursued subjects that might well be called old-fashioned and conservative—or, put another way, subjects that are worth conserving. His preoccupations naturally affected the way he wrote and the world he wrote about. He was a traditionalist who subordinated his ego, intelligence, and considerable skill to the demands of narrative and character. Honoring hard work, he worked hard and long at his craft, with a faith and diligence we cannot help but admire. His subjects came from that segment of American society, the privileged and educated elite, of which he unapologetically felt himself a part. (His essays on the Kent School and Harvard place him squarely and cheerfully among the Eastern gentry.)

His best books are about that class of Americans, professional people, doctors, lawyers, merchants, chiefs, going about their responsible and complicated lives with a sense of duty and compassion, sure of their abstract convictions but uncertain—as we all are—when the abstract collides with the concrete instance. It is this collision and the resulting incongruity that form the central interest of Cozzens' best novels. Lawyers discover that legalistic concepts of justice are inapplicable to matters of the human heart. Doctors, clergymen, and generals learn that the honorable and necessary principles of their professions, principles that have shaped their thoughts and actions, are inadequate to explain or control the complexities of experience. Despite these inadequacies, these limits (and Cozzens is a writer who explores our limitations), Cozzens' heroes retain their virtue and dignity even as they are disillusioned by experience. Perhaps this hard, classically stoic, even illiberal recognition of our limitations and helplessness accounts for Cozzens' unpopularity with the literary-critical establishment.

Or it may be, as Bruccoli argues, that Cozzens is in disfavor because he writes about those who are generally regarded as successful—the educated, intelligent, socially prominent, well-to-do. The liberal cliché, of course, has it (to quote Bruccoli) that "success is a sign of corruption. . . . Cozzens alarms proponents of the higher failure." There may be truth in this comment. Only one other author of stature, Louis Auchincloss, has written with intelligence and knowledge of the nation's managerial and professional classes, a segment of our society by no means inconsequential or uncharacteristic. Yet Auchincloss, like Cozzens, gets short critical shrift in the pages of the literary quarterlies.

It is too soon to predict the reemergence of Cozzens as a major figure of American fiction. He died on August 9, ten days before his 75th birthday, the date on which this anthology was released. Like a character from one of his own novels, he must surely have been aware of the irony of this book's genesis and appearance, a project conceived and executed by academics who hoped to rescue him from oblivion. Personal oblivion came to him before he could know of the success or failure

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of this belated rescue operation. One likes to think that he did not much care, that a lifetime devoted to the writing of books in the best way he knew how was satisfaction enough. Whatever the case, his books will last because they are true, faithful, and intelligent. Those who know his novels will honor his memory. For those who have not yet read Cozzens' work, the omnibus serves as a fine introduction. □

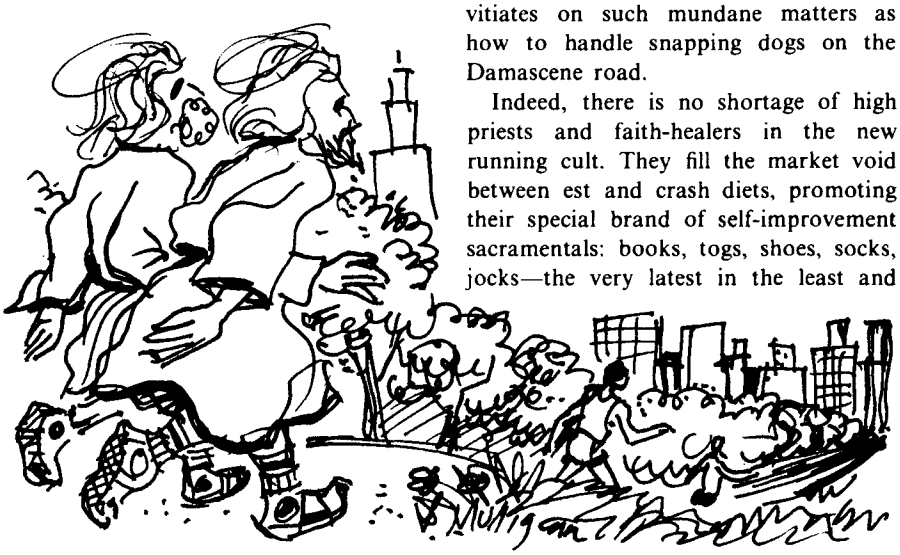
TRENDS

THE AGNOSTIC RUNNER

VIC GOLD

When he runs, says Dr. George Sheehan, transported, "I am a saint. For that hour, I am Assisi wearing the least and meanest of clothes. . . . At eight minutes a mile, I am, I was, I will be."

Behold the spirit of the times: immortality in Pumas, revelation on the crystal of a Chronus Olympian timer. Or would you prefer the fundamentalist liturgy? If so, perhaps Dr. Kenneth Cooper is the on-the-run spiritual mentor you seek. On a recent promotional tour through the physical fitness belt, Cooper, who specializes in the theology of aerobic exercise, engaged his Birmingham, Alabama audience in a mild evangelical catechism.



How many members of the group, Cooper asked, were devout joggers? When all but a few hands went up, the speaker was dismayed. Keep in mind, the successful missionary doesn't waste precious time with souls already saved. He seeks out those not yet divinely inspired. "Where are the people who *should* be here?" asked Cooper. "It's like preaching in church on Sunday."

Cooper and others close to the latter-day running boom claim that there are now some twenty million dedicated joggers in the country. Coincidentally, that is the rough estimate trendologists currently apply to the Born Again movement. There is no telling, however, the extent to which the two estimates overlap; that is, how many Joggers for Jesus, as it were, now clog the nation's running paths and roadways. But whether it is merely a case of religion as a metaphor for jogging or the reverse, America, by all the usual incriminating indicia—a glut of media attention and commercial exploitation—is undeniably in the coils of another collectivist aberration.

ADIDAS LOVES them, that they know, for George Sheehan tells them so. If not Adidas or Puma, how about a nice pair of Nike Waffle Trainers, with extra foot padding? If not Sheehan with his oracular blather about Assisi and the salvation that lies in mortification of the flesh—or, for his young, swinging readers, Zen and *satori*—maybe the customer can find peace of mind to go with ease of foot in Cooper's ministry, or that of the best-selling James Fixx, who counsels running novitiates on such mundane matters as how to handle snapping dogs on the Damascene road.

Indeed, there is no shortage of high priests and faith-healers in the new running cult. They fill the market void between est and crash diets, promoting their special brand of self-improvement sacramentals: books, togs, shoes, socks, jocks—the very latest in the least and meanest. And in the wake of their sermonizing, the gaunt-cheeked converted come forward to bear witness to the miracle of road-pounding, abjuring, for all who will listen, the sin and sloth of the non-jogging life. If during the past year you haven't read or been personally subjected to half a dozen such accounts, consider yourself one lucky heathen.

"I was forty pounds overweight," one typical story begins *(Convert Type A, over-forty business executive proselytizing at cocktail party)*. "High blood pressure, martini lunches, two packs a day. An ideal candidate for a heart attack, that's what the doc said. Hell, I breathed hard just thinking about exercise. Oh, a little weekend business golf now and then, but that was it. Then one day I happened to come across an excerpt out of _____'s book on running while I was on a quick in-and-out trip to Denver *(for Denver readers, substitute Chicago)*. . . . So now, you see *(this can be any time from thirty to 45 minutes later, you swilling Scotch guiltily, he sipping high-amino compound)*, now I run my 19-year-old kid into the ground. Been in two marathons and plan to go to Boston next year, haven't touched the sauce or a cigarette in 26 months and five days. Don't feel right, you know, unless I've put in my six miles every morning."

Be tolerant. Try to understand their problem, these hot-eyed converts to the unadulterated life of the roadrunner. They must tell the sedentary infidel of the what, when, where, how, and why of their transformation. For beyond personal rebirth, there is the compulsion to increase the fold. To the missionary, Self-improvement is only the first step toward *Other*-improvement.

I RUN; but don't panic. I do not feel sanctified during my hours on the road or track. Nor do I punish myself in pursuit of mystic absolution. Nor have I ever "hit the wall," been overcome by the euphoria of getting winded, or approached the suffering and rapture that accompany the exercise that Sheehan, Cooper, and Fixx call "running." Good thing, too, that I hadn't heard of the high priests and faith-healers when I began jogging five years ago. For if I had, I would never have taken up the sport.

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My story—yet be reassured, no sermon: I had run the gamut of every mode of exercise for the middle-aged; only to learn that, short of leaving the country, it is impossible for an American male to escape the physical education instructor of his youth, the one who made exercise so loathsome.

You know the man. He is/was Everycoach, insisting that if it doesn't hurt, it isn't doing us any good; that the essence of a sport isn't in the relaxation but in the struggle; that if a boy or a man can do fifty push-ups, he must try 75; if he can do 75, then 1) he's doing them wrong, or 2) he ought to try them with one arm, or on his fingertips. Punish yourself.

In high school, Everycoach perhaps served a purpose. But there came a day in my 45th year when I understood that maturity brings with it certain prerogatives on the golf course, on the tennis court, in the gym, during my hours of recreation. Specifically, I do not have to put up with having my backswing analyzed, my forehand dissected, or my push-ups second-guessed. Most especially, in matters of physical fitness I do not have to compete, in anything, against anybody, most especially myself. All I have to do is work up a healthy sweat. Preferably, in peace. Alone. No instructors or motivaters need apply.

Thus, to me at least, the idea of running did not come as a spiritual revelation. It was a matter of empirical choice. I wanted to escape from Everycoach, and running, after all, is our first, our instinctive, sport. Before we ever learn to throw a ball, swing a bat, we know how to run. A man no more needs instruction on how to run than a fish does on how to swim. Or so I believed; but I underestimated the capacity of my fellow American sportsmen to ritualize even their instincts.

Observe the cult-mongers. They write of loneliness, but move in packs. They speak of sweet euphoria, but methodically respond to advertisements for a pedometer which "clicks off every step you take and lets you know just how far you've gone." Systematic, time-clock euphoria. They condemn the immoderation of a sedentary life encouraged by a golfcart society but then immoderately transform recreation into self-flagellation, indulging in Mitty-like fantasies of the athlete's life. The Marathon and the joy of pain. Aging men in a boy's race. What are they trying to prove, and to whom?

The answer lies in Douglas MacArthur's truism that sports reflect the priorities of a society. What afflicts the body politic must necessarily afflict the body cultural. Thus, though we continue to exalt individuality as the mainspring of the American spirit, a creeping collectivism, reflected in the disdain of my fellow cross-countrymen for any form of unorganized sport, tells another story. From Little League baseball to senior citizen bowling, Everycoach watches them, regiments them, times them by the mile. They run by-the-numbers, believing that sanctity is something attainable at eight minutes a mile.

To this agnostic runner, however, the sport is best when partaken of with neither theory nor reverence; which is to say, just for the hell of it. No, I will not join the Movement. I will, in fact, boycott the collectivist running clubs, the cult magazines, the long-distance pray-ins. For whether my neighbor jogs or not is no concern of mine. I require no comrades or converts in my pursuit of a healthy sweat. Nor do I strive to attain that transcendental state when miles of jogging massage the nerve endings with—but let James Fixx describe the spiritual sensation—"infinitesimal electrical impulses in much the same way as Handel's *Messiah* does."

The Messiah? Sorry, chum, all I ever hear is automobile horns. □

TRAVEL

AEGEAN INTERLUDE

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

It has been a startling day. As we pull into the port of Linaria, on Skyros, we find a bus waiting for us, summoned by some genie. Our captain tells us to board it, and we do, headed we know not where. It twists and swaggers its way, king of the cowpath, up a narrow winding road to a headland at Tris Boukes where the driver, who thinks he speaks English, points with pride at a monument passing strange: a statue of a naked Greek athlete of Homeric dimensions, topped by the incongruously twentieth century head of an English aesthete. Here, under the baking summer skies of Greece, overlooking a blue-green bay, "in some corner of a foreign field that is for ever England," lies the English poet Rupert Brooke, killed by a fever contracted in the Dardanelles campaign in 1915. One suspects it was the Greek equivalent of the WPA that devised his gravestone.

Over dinner tonight, a splendid dinner of fresh-caught lobster (crayfish, really), Greek salad, fruit, cheese, and wine aboard the yacht *Sirocoi*, we discuss our plans for the days to come. There are ten of us in the group, sailing the Aegean for 11 days in two yachts: the *Sirocoi* is chartered, a comfortable, broad-beamed motor sailor with a crew of four; the *Bushido*, a swift, sleek racing sloop, has been lent to us.

The plan had been to tour the northern Sporades islands, historically less interesting (and consequently less tourist-ridden) than the better-known Dodecanese and Cyclades. We pulled into the southernmost of them, Skyros, two and a half days out of Piraeus, and now we are having second thoughts. If we are to change our plans it must be now. The men take over happily, with weighty wagging of heads, and rumps, as they crouch over the chart table mapping alternative courses.

Finally, they have it. It will be a long sail, they tell us, but—they consult with the captain—the wind will be out of the southeast (southwest?), which is good. This means to the men that the *Bushido* will fly like Icarus in the morning, and to the women that they won't be tossed about too badly in the often tempestuous Aegean waters. If we are willing to put up with a couple of long sails—eight to ten hours—we can be in the Dodecanese in two days. This flexibility is where a yacht has it over a cruise ship. It permits a change of mind, time and the wind (and an occasionally balky captain—not ours) permitting. It also costs more. (With a full crew, a yacht like the *Sirocoi*, sleeping six comfortably, eight less so, charters for about $550 a day, plus food, drink, and tips.)

And so it's off in the morning, on a

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southeasterly course for Psara. Life—even such life as there is on remote Aegean islands—has passed Psara by, and so do we after a brief overnight stay, to head for Fourni, an island the tourists have ignored and *Fodor* and the *Guide Bleu* haven't discovered. It is a delight.

Samos, 4,700 feet high, looms into view in the early afternoon, a grey haze, a rosy outline, a looming presence. We are close enough to pick up the spunky stone walls that march up over the hill and out of sight and crisscross the flanks of every island we pass, separating, to our untutored eyes, nothing from nothing, so rocky and barren is the terrain. We pick out an occasional lighthouse on a point, a blue-domed church on a crest. And then to starboard, on another island, there's a splash of white within a cradle of green that is a farming village, clinging precariously to a hillside, the white dots of the houses sprinkled about as if from some giant salt-shaker.

That hillside village is the first sign of life we see on Fourni. Then, outlined against the blue of the sky, we spot four crumbling windmills, their sails forever stilled, on the right arm of the harbor, with a fifth windmill on the left. We turn in toward the town, passing under a hillside church, stunningly, blazingly white in its frame of ochre/green hills.

A FERRY is in, the fishing boats are in, two or three yachts have pulled up to the dock. The town is jiving. Our captain's wife rushes ashore to see if she can pick up lobster for dinner; the mate and the steward disappear into town and come back with fresh lettuce, delicious tender peaches and apricots, ripe red watermelon, cherries, and big perfect fresh tomatoes which we will have for lunch tomorrow, stuffed with rice and spiced ground meat. Small boys climb from boat to boat, underfoot, yelled at by the fishermen, diving overboard in shrieking, laughing droves, only to climb back when the sailors aren't watching. The little girls take no part in such rough sport. They gather on the pier in clean pastel cotton dresses—and stare. A shepherd drives a herd of goats, their bells ringing clear above the portside clamor, into the town. They are diapered. Fourni is a clean town. Its broad stone-paved main street, with the ancient plane trees providing

shade, is spotless. On the white-washed trunk of every other tree is tacked a small plastic trash basket. The taverns face the harbor and dot the little squares along the main street back from the waterfront. Narrow alleys, right and left, are bright with flowering bougainvillea and laurel, shaded by fig and olive trees.

Fourni is a fishing village, untouched by history, unspoiled; Patmos is a Christian shrine of great antiquity. Looming over it like a Crusader's castle is the immense Monastery of Haghias Yoannis Theologos, which houses, among other Byzantine treasures, a fifth century purple vellum Gospel of St. Mark and the five-foot-long deed on parchment by which the Byzantine Emperor Alexander II gave Patmos to St. Christodoulas. The monastery is as grand as the sacred grotto of St. John the Evangelist is simple. Exiled to Patmos by the Emperor Domitian in 95 A.D., the Beloved Apostle lived for a year or two in a rock chamber, a cave. The rock on which he rested his head at night is still there, outlined by silver paint, as is the shoulder-level outcropping of stone which his disciple Prochorus used as a desk to take down the sacred revelations St. John dictated to him, which we know as the Apocalypse. *I, John, saw another angel come up from the east holding the seal of the living God . . .*

Our visit is rushed. It is nearly 7 o'clock and the guide is anxious to lock up. In truth there isn't much to see—the stone pillow, the desk—but much to ponder. Earlier in the day someone had formed a Greek cross of gardenias on the desk. They are brown-rimmed and wilted now, slightly askew, but the aroma lingers, as does St. John's witness.

Mykonos is tourist heaven. A large, well-protected port, lined by waterside tavernas and shops. Its white-washed houses with their blue and green painted doors and window sills, carved wooden balconies, and flowers stretch back, away from the harbor; the streets are dotted with discothèques, craft shops, boutiques, jewelry stores, you name it, and, always, churches, blue-domed, orange-domed, pink-domed. It is loud, brassy, a hippie haven, and still it shouldn't be missed. What the gentlemen in our party did miss—the *Bushido* is generally an hour or so behind us—was the cocktail party on the motor yacht next to ours to which the men wore bathing trunks which the French call "*le minimum*" and the women wore, on top, *le rien du tout*.

Delos, the Sacred Island. Poseidon caused it to be anchored in the sea to give shelter to Leto, fleeing from the wrath of Hera, that quintessential spurned wife. Here Leto gave birth, a year apart, to the twins Apollo and Artemis (that's mythology for you).

Once forty thousand people lived on Delos. The Treasury of the Delian League was lodged there; pilgrims and merchants came from afar to worship and do business. Now there are fewer than two hundred people on the island and most are connected in some way with the ruins: row upon row of broken columns, of headless statues, of marble and granite debris. It is blazing hot and still, no shade in sight, no breeze. We seem to be the only tourists there, perhaps because it is high noon. We stand among the ruins, guidebooks in hand,

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bickering. None of us knows where he is standing; each of us has a firm opinion, though. Dissension is about to rear its ugly head.

A heavy-set fellow comes to the door of a shack and asks if he can help. Are you a guide? we ask. No—a watchman. In poor, but adequate, English he tells us where we will find the extraordinary Naxian lions—guardians of the island, crude, powerful figures from the seventh century B.C.—and where the famed mosaics are located. We start out in three different directions. He sighs, slips his feet into laceless, cracked black pumps, and shows us everything—the lions; the Forums of the Ancient, Classical, and Roman cities; the money box before the Treasury in Philip of Macedon's Stoa; the huge theater cradled in rock; a three-storey hotel; the shops and houses of the rich merchants; the cisterns under the mosaic-paved open-air atriums, with their water filtered through porous rock. (At Spetsae, two days later, a retired American diplomat will inform us that nowadays purification of the water systems is carried out more scientifically: a larvae-eating eel lives in his cistern.) Our watchman-guide is anxious for us to understand what life was like on the Sacred Island in its days of glory; and his enthusiasm, faltering English notwithstanding, is infectious. It is he who tells us that in the Golden Age of Athens no executions were carried out until the Sacred Vessel had returned from its annual trip to Delos. Socrates waited for that return to drink the hemlock.

We climb aboard the *Sirocoi*, dripping wet, and thirsty. Our captain sails around the island to a quiet inlet. We swim and laze and swim the long afternoon away. And think of that day when the ships of King Mithridates landed on these same quiet beaches and by nightfall twenty thousand Delians were dead.

There are other islands ahead as we sail west toward home port: Hydra, with its tight beautiful little harbor and its artists' colony, the surrounding houses climbing precipitously up the encompassing cliffs; Spetsae, wooded and shady with its tall pines, where rich Athenians come for summer weekends; Porous, just a couple of hours' sail from Piraeus, where we spend our last night in a sheltered cove, and where the water we swim in is aquamarine blue and speckled with reflected gold as the setting sun catches the quiet ripples.

What does one bring back from it all? Memories of long sails and bleak, stark, rocky islands; comradeship and laughter; a row of lions at Delos that have withstood the hot suns of twenty-seven hundred years; teasing small boys in Fourni harbor; and the lingering, heady smell of gardenias in a cave in Patmos. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

HARVARD HATES AMERICA, *by John LeBoutillier (Gateway, 161 pp., $7.95).* The wise orator Xenophon once observed that the praise of youth is difficult, for it is based not on achievement, but on the hope of achievement. If that is true, then it is indeed a difficult matter to praise this young author, for his achievement has very nearly extinguished our hope. LeBoutillier graduated from Harvard College two years ago; he is now studying at Harvard Business School, though from his book it is hard to see why he would return to Cambridge. *Harvard Hates America* shows little affection for Harvard and does not bother to propose academic reforms or to examine the superstitions of academic freedom; it is less an appeal for reformation than a blast of condemnation. Actually, only two of its six chapters are about Harvard, and only one dwells on undergraduate education. That chapter is a bizarre tableau teeming with lowlife and riffraff of the sort that used to howl at Berkeley: Barry Schmidt, a history tutor who says things like, "I don't give a shit about American history. . . . Hell, I don't even know what year the Civil War began"; Charles Clifford, LeBoutillier's roommate, who overdoses on heroin and has to be institutionalized; weak-kneed liberals who are staggered by such dialectic as: "'Don't you guys feel that Affirmative Action is just reverse discrimination? And that it isn't right to commit another wrong to make up for a past wrong?'" At Harvard, you see, liberals offer "only silence in response to a good, logical argument." Uh-huh. Then there are errors of fact. On one of the four occasions when he feels constrained "to laugh at the irony" of a situation, LeBoutillier laughs at the Puritan work ethic's being denounced in a building named for "Ralph Waldo Emerson, the writer . . . of 'Self-Reliance,'" which essay he apparently believes to be a defense of the Puritan work ethic. Elsewhere he denounces a parade for another New England moralist, "Harvard's Woman of the Year"—Linda Lovelace. The problem is a) such parades are for the Hasty Pudding Club's Woman of the Year, not Harvard's; and b) how is Linda Lovelace more typical of Harvard than, say, Beverly Sills, another recent Hasty Pudding honoree? The rest of the book is an exposition of LeBoutillier's program for the Republican Party—a bundle of not uninteresting schemes to provide housing, health care, money for college, etc. to middle-class and poor families—which he touts as "a new civil and political philosophy" that could become "a part of our civil religion." In reality, his program is neither "new" nor a "political philosophy," and undoubtedly will remain a strictly personal faith. CHARLES KESLER

THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTERS *of Martha's Vineyard, edited by Eliot Eldridge Macy (Chatham Press, 163 pp., $10).* Today the name "Martha's Vineyard" suggests a summer place popular with artists, writers, and just vacationers. It was not always so. In the late nineteenth century the island was an important New England port-of-call; as many as 35,000 sea-going vessels a year might drop anchor in its harbor. *The Captain's Daughters* consists for the most part of the fascinating recollections by four sisters, Nina, Mary, Ruth, and Gratia Eldridge, of life in the Vineyard in the 1880s and '90s, when they were growing up there. Though three of the sisters are now deceased, they had all contributed written or taped reminiscences, which are skillfully edited with interpolations and an Afterword by the son of the second sister, Mary. Their father, the Captain, conceived the idea of a tidebook for Vineyard Sound and nearby areas; it survives today in the form of the annually published *Eldridge Tide and Pilot Book.* He also raised four truly remarkable daughters, who have given us a delightfully nostalgic period piece, the first volume in a projected Chatham Press series on "the way we lived." If the succeeding volumes are as good as this one, we are definitely in luck. MICHAEL CONNORS

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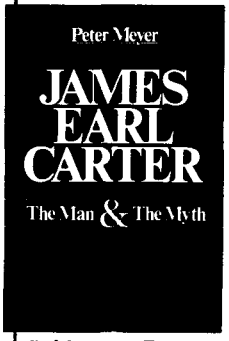

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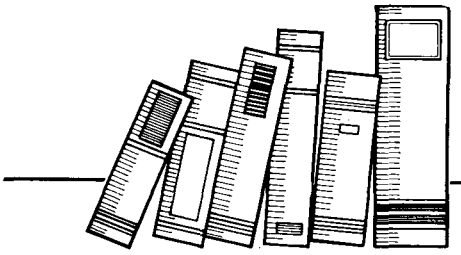

Dark Horses

In March of this year, the President's Council on Wage and Price Stability published the third in its series of studies on the continuing upward spiral of medical costs. This one, authored by Zachary Y. Dyckman of the CWPS staff, is entitled *A Study of Physicians' Fees* (Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C. 20402; $3.25). Like its predecessors, it mixes a dollop of useful data with some preconceptions and conclusions that are decidedly less helpful.

The major virtue of the Dyckman study is its exhaustive discussion of medical insurance and the problem of "third-party payment"—where someone other than the patient picks up the tab for medical services at the point of consumption. Such practices—and the related growth of cost-plus reimbursement schemes—are greatly encouraged by federal subsidies through Medicare and Medicaid and the promotion of health insurance plans through preferential treatment in the tax laws. With 60 per cent of physicians' costs (and more than 90 per cent of hospital charges) covered by third-party payments, and with ever-larger numbers of providers reimbursed according to their costs or customary charges, it is hardly surprising to find that participants in the health-care economy have become decreasingly sensitive to questions of price.

Unfortunately, Dyckman is not content to leave the demonstration at this: he presses on to argue that physicians have somehow managed to lift the practice of medicine beyond the laws of economics, that the quantity and quality of medical care can be dictated unilaterally by physicians, and that doctors' fees can somehow be pushed to ever-higher levels irrespective of such considerations as the relative supply of physicians' services. That all of these contentions are false is the argument of Keith B. Leffler in a monograph called *Explanations in Search of Facts* (Law and Economics Center, University of Miami School of Law, P.O. Box 248000, Coral Gables, Florida 33124; $2.50).

Professor Leffler, who teaches economics at the University of Washington, shows that the performance of the health-care sector has conformed to the laws of economics very well indeed: that the sudden influx of new demand created by Medicare and Medicaid pressed in upon a supply of physicians' services that was necessarily fixed in the short term, bidding up the price of those services; that these increased levels of compensation attracted prospective physicians, who in due course began to enter the market; and that this natural tendency worked to restore the equilibrium of the system.

The point of most complaints about rising health-care costs is to argue for government intervention in the medical economy—ignoring the fact that the problems complained of are chiefly the result of government policies already on the books that have vastly increased the level of medical demand. Indeed, according to the Hospital Association of New York State, the irony extends even further. In a recent study called *The Cost of Regulation* (HANYS, 15 Computer Drive West, Albany, N.Y. 12205; available free), the association points out that existing regulations intended to monitor cost, quality, and other aspects of medical practice add enormously to the upward pressure on medical prices.

In a survey of 148 New York hospitals, HANYS found that 25 per cent of total hospital costs are traceable to state and federal regulations, that about 115 million man-hours must be devoted each year to regulatory compliance (the equivalent of having 56,000 employees working full-time on the matter), and that the total cost of such regulation is in excess of $1.1 billion a year. And this is just one state—albeit the second-largest and probably the most intensely regulated. What must the figures be for the nation at large?

—M. Stanton Evans

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ian. However, it had a penal code that determined which officials were entitled to carry out arrests, which crimes carried the death penalty, etc.; while Maoist China has been living for thirty years in a legal vacuum. As we read in the *People's Daily*, high officials took advantage of this situation to establish their own private jails where they tortured and executed their personal enemies.

Fourth variation: "Respect for the individual is a Western characteristic"; in China (I quote from an eminent American bureaucrat) there is "an utterly natural acceptance of the age-old Confucian tradition of subordinating individual liberty to collective obligation." In other words, the Chinese dissidents who, like Ho Ch'un-shu, are being jailed and executed merely for having criticized the regime—the *millions* who, having been branded once and for all as "class enemies" (this classification is hereditary) are reduced, they and their descendants, to the condition of social outcasts, or are herded into labor camps—these people either, as good traditional Chinese imbued with "the age-old Confucian tradition of subordinating individual liberty to collective obligations," are supposed to be perfectly satisfied with their fate, or, if they are not (like the 100,000 demonstrators who dared to show their anger in Peking on April 5, 1976), thereby prove that they are un-Chinese, and thus presumably unworthy of our attention.

In all these successive variations, "difference" has been the key concept. If Soviet dissidents have on the whole received far more attention and sympathy in the West, is it because they are white Caucasians—while the Chinese are "different"? When Maoist sympathizers use such arguments, they echo die-hard racists of the colonial-imperialist era. At that time, the "Chinese difference" was a leitmotiv used by Western entrepreneurs to justify their exploitation of the "natives": Chinese were different, even physiologically; they did not feel hunger, cold, and pain as Westerners did; you could kick them, starve them, it did not matter much: only ignorant sentimentalists and innocent bleeding-hearts would worry on behalf of these swarming crowds of yellow coolies . . . Most of the rationalizations which are now being proposed for ignoring the human rights issue in China are rooted in the same mentality.

Of course, there are *cultural* differences—the statement is a tautology, since "difference" is the very essence of culture. But if, from there, one extrapolates differences which could restrict the relevance of human rights to certain nations only, this would amount to denial of the universal character of human nature; such an attitude in turn opens the doors to a line of reasoning whose nightmarish, yet logical, development ends in the very barbarity which this century has already witnessed once, a few decades ago.

Very important changes have recently occurred in China's political orientations. One of the most momentous might well be suggested by the fact that now even the official press has occasionally taken up the notion of "people's rights" which is so often found in the spontaneous, informal wall-posters. In the past, I have expressed skepticism and pessimism regarding the ability of this regime to modify its basic nature. My dearest wish is that its actual evolution may eventually prove me wrong. However, the situation is fluid; at this stage, it is still too early to draw conclusions. The present contradiction is perhaps best expressed in the emphasis which is being given now to the brand-new constitution, which was adopted this year. This constitution restores some of the citizens' rights, yet simultaneously one of its articles (Art. 56) simply cancels the whole document itself: "Citizens must support the leadership of the Communist Party of China." □

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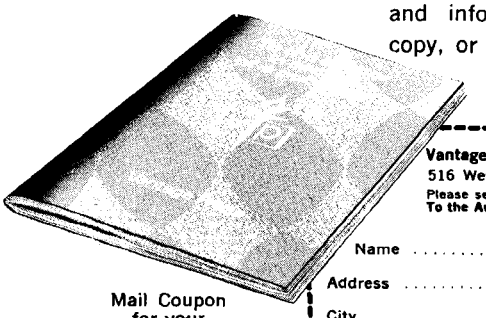

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[Henry D.] CHIEFFO:

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- How to make sure the assessor does not charge you for property or improvements you don't have.
- How to determine if your tax was computed correctly. (Find an error in arithmetic and you should get a reduction in property taxes *automatically.)*
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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Deport General Loan?

On The Right

New York, Nov. 13—During the Tet offensive in 1968 the chief of police in Saigon, General Loan, pulled out a pistol and summarily executed a terrorist whose hands were bound behind his back. It happened that there were photographers there. One of them, from the AP, snapped the famous picture, and got a Pulitzer Prize. NBC got footage. The victim was dressed in civilian clothes and was not, therefore, a prisoner of war under the rules of the Geneva Convention. None of the reporters present alleged that he was other than a terrorist, at the service of the Vietcong. The episode, moreover, took place at the height of the Tet offensive, during which terrorists slaughtered everyone they could, breaking into the U.S. Embassy and very nearly executing our ambassador. If the terrorist had not been shot there and then, he'd probably have been executed the next morning after a summary court martial, since Saigon was under martial law. Ten years later, the case has become celebrated because the police officer suddenly received publicity, having been identified in his current situation. He operates a small restaurant in a suburb of Washington, D.C.

During Tet, and indeed over a period of several years, the principal U.S. official who dealt with the press in Saigon was Barry Zorthian, in charge of the USIA office. He first learned about the Tet offensive when, descending the staircase of his house, he came upon a terrorist, pistol cocked to kill. Zorthian's bodyguard was faster on the draw, and so Zorthian proceeded to work, stepping over the dead body of the assassin manqué. That's what life was like in those days, in that season.

WHEN THE picture was published, and the episode became something of a symbol of the Tet offensive, there were questions asked. Zorthian replied as, one supposes, anybody else would: that it was regrettable; that not even terrorists should be executed without some judicial ritual; but that the police chief—a general in the army who, incidentally, came from North Vietnam—was greatly provoked, not less by having lost some of his own associates to the terrorists. Subsequently, one of the Vietcong wounded General Loan severely, and he was flown—by the United States Air Force—to Honolulu, where he was hospitalized. He ended up in Virginia and got his papers a few years ago. Now he is the target of the Aroused Conscience of those who are professionally indignant over the Vietnam War and see an opportunity for retroactive vindictiveness.

THE MOTION before the house is to deport General Loan. To Vietnam, if you please. There he would be shot, not summarily, in all probability, but after a show trial of sorts. Although it is unlikely that the United States Government will actually turn over General Loan to the Vietnamese, it would not be unique to the Western experience. We did exactly that to a couple of million Russians and other East Europeans after the Second World War, dispatching them to Stalin in the certain knowledge of what their fate would be. Books have been written about Operation Keelhaul, but there has never been condign atonement. The people directly responsible were such divinities as Winston Churchill and Dwight Eisenhower. In dealing with such men, one tends to make moral judgments *a priori*, i.e., reasoning from the general (they were great men) to the particular (how could they have performed evil deeds?). By an inversion of the process, anyone spectacularly involved in killing Vietnamese Communists is guilty *a posteriori*. If the man executed had been a spy for the Gestapo, or a PLO killer at the Munich Games, public pressure to deport his executioner would, so to speak, have been unlikely.

Tendentious morality may be better than no morality at all. But it is hygienic to know what we are doing. What we are doing is fighting the Vietnam War. That is the perspective, and ironies abound. NATIONAL REVIEW an issue or so ago reported, tongue in cheek, that a Soviet court had ordered a prisoner released, on the grounds that when the police picked him up, they neglected to advise him that he had no rights. □

THE CASE OF THE MISSING EDITORIAL

New York, Nov. 10—At 1 P.M. Sunday November 5, the distinguished Editorial Page Editor of the *New York Times*, Mr. Max Frankel, advised me that, beginning on the next day, "we will both be re-employed." The gentleman-wit was making reference to the frequency with which, in this space, issue is taken with the positions the *New York Times* so perversely adopts, year after year; and indeed, although it was possible to find other things to complain about during those long 88 days of silence from Times Square, the initial issue of the *New York Times* does not disappoint.

It is the fourth We're-Glad-to-Be-Back-at-Work editorial I have read in my adult life in the *New York Times*, and, graceful though they always are in their composition, unfailingly they have failed to say what should be said after a strike of the nation's principal newspaper. Namely, how seriously can we take affirmations of the public responsibilities of the press when a relatively few people can deprive a great metropolis of its news? Indeed, of its sense of community?

In listing all the things the *New York Times* suffered from not having covered —"We were tormented by the inability to report and comment on the news of sadness in Rome, triumph at Camp David, turbulence in the economy . . ." —the *Times* added "and the hearing Myron Farber never got." The disproportion is implicit here. Myron Farber, for whose cause the chiefs of the *New York Times* would have gone to the execution block, was a symbol. A symbol, in the *Times*' reckoning, of a diminution in the rights of a free press under the First Amendment, even when those rights come up against the asserted rights of a defendant in a murder trial. What the *Times* persists in refusing to accost is the question: What are the means by which the rights of readers are protected?

Protected against what, you say? Protected against coercive pressures, whether through violence, the threat of violence, or psychological pressures, to

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prevent the exercise of a newspaper's rights under the First Amendment. The current issue of the newspaper very nearly did not appear because at the last minute there was a threat by the Newspaper Guild to maintain a picket line. It goes without saying, in that world of archaic fraternal loyalties, that the deliverers, and the pressmen, and the typesetters would have observed that picket line and, as before, the consumer would be the loser.

The editorial page of the *New York Times* should have come back into print with a manifesto affirming that the right of a newspaper to publish transcends the right of an organization to conspire with another organization in restraint of trade.

No one should be made to work who is himself unwilling to work for the terms offered, or under the circumstances described. But the notion of collective bargaining, which somewhere along the line became hallowed—even as citizens were becoming alert to the excesses of monopoly capitalism and were passing corrective, reformist legislation—is properly a matter of administrative convenience.

Even if one augments the claim—assigning to it the right of the majority, by voting to strike, to bind the minority—it is a surviving superstition of another age to go either of the two steps forward to which tradition has taken us. The first is that management cannot legitimately seek elsewhere workers who are satisfied with the proffered terms. The second, and by far the more important, is the tradition that a picket line having been set up, the auxiliary unions, never mind that their members are perfectly contented with their circumstances, must respect it.

It cannot be put more directly than this way: Although any right, infinitely extended, is going to collide with another right, infinitely extended, there are conventional priorities. My right to roam the streets is modified by the right of the city to authorize a parade along a certain route. The right of a newspaper to publish the news cannot be thought to be inferior to the right of a trade association to compel other trade associations to collaborate in an economic offensive of which the reader of the news is the day-to-day victim.

Why cannot a newspaper, prepared at a moment's notice to instruct popes, presidents, and poets what they should be doing, saying, or writing, come forward with a plan to reform its own trade? It may be the masochist in a lot of us, but life without the *Times* is just, well, incomplete, and there ought to be a law. □

LEE'S SINGAPORE

Singapore, Nov. 3—Although it will probably not happen in our century that the principle will prevail, there are those (myself included) who will continue to be governed by the Wilsonian doctrine that human rights are for everyone. Inevitably then, sitting across the table from the Prime Minister of Singapore, Lee Kuan Yew, that subject comes up first. By way of background, there is no political freedom in Singapore. There is only the single party. Lee's will prevails. All the same, Lee is not, by thoughtful observers, regarded merely as a despot. Senator Patrick Moynihan has recently written that, while Ambassador to India in 1975, he reflected on the three great metropolises of the Bay of Bengal—Calcutta, Rangoon, and Singapore. Calcutta, a "city of the dead and dying. Vast, putrefying, forsaken." Rangoon, "rapidly reverting to the village it had once been, its rulers surrounded with barbed wire." And then, "of liberty, Singapore had not nearly enough; but Rangoon had none at all, and what there was in Calcutta was less and less real as the mob grew. Something had made the difference. And what was it if not a rational liberalism in economic affairs? Singapore, with very possibly the highest urban standard of living in the world, had committed itself to the creation of wealth rather than to its redistribution."

I asked Mr. Lee the question directly about political prisoners. He said that there were fewer than one hundred, and that 95 per cent of these were Communists, devoted to terror and disruption. He is morally untroubled by the absence of political freedom. "We know that if our foe wins, we die, and die painfully. But when we win, our foes live comfortably even in prison, with butter and eggs and meat according to special rations which the rules of the game lay down upon us. This is in part an unequal conflict; because on the one side is terror that is absolute, on the other side terror which is not really terror. It is just a deterrent, and often no more than a soporific. You put a man in, you feed him, he studies, he writes memoirs, he comes out, and he fights. If his side wins, he pulls your fingernails out and you are dead."

Singapore is the showcase of a fabled intersection of values. At the UN, you will regularly hear the totalitarians proclaim that genuine freedom is social and economic security. For that reason there is "freedom" in East Germany, but not in West Germany. The argument is philosophically an imposture just to begin with, because "freedom" is properly defined as an absence of constraint from man-made impediments. The Great Lie, of course, has been that the totalitarian countries furnish freedom defined in *any* way. There has been more pain—from hunger, exposure, ill health—in the totalitarian countries than in the countries that are genuinely free. But genuinely free countries aren't merely countries where people are free to march to the polls at regular intervals. Which is why Senator Moynihan talks about economic liberalism. Singapore is the showplace of freedom in the sense in which the term is falsely used philosophically and empirically. It is a social success only because it is economically free. Carlos Rómulo—foreign minister of the Philippines; and, early on and for generations, an idol of U.S. liberals—cut a discussion on Singapore short by saying that "freedom from want" takes priority over "freedom of expression" in developing countries. This is the point that Lee stresses, and it is up to the individual to judge his sincerity. Mere power tends to corrupt, and he has something very nearly like absolute power. He does not appear to use it widely to oppress. There is freedom in Singapore—except to oppose the government. And Lee, trained at Oxford where he achieved a double first, brilliantly defends the proposition that in a world of apocalyptic alternatives, subscription to political freedom is no more the first value for the Oriental than it was for Abraham Lincoln or Winston Churchill at the moment of our great crises.

As to foreign policy, Singapore is a vigorous member of the so-called ASEAN group (including Malaysia, Indonesia, Thailand, and the Philippines). Lee vigorously defended U.S. intervention in Indochina; he concedes that the old domino theory was correct and that all of Indochina has already been consumed. But he sees the tensions between the Soviet Union and China as overriding that theory. Moreover, the waves of refugees from the hideousness of life under the Communists have dampened the enthusiasm of ASEAN Communists for replicating the experience of their neighbors.

Lee Kuan Yew is quiet, eloquent, confident, introspective, crafty, disdainful of demagogic defenses. He presides over two hundred square miles and two million people, and he will fight for their welfare—on the understanding that he is the ultimate judge of how to define that welfare. □

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Branch organizations — 23 9 125 140 172 209 216 191 230 20

B. England's poet laureate, 1692-1715 — 31 220 36 66 12 200 138 205 101

C. An act of Congress, 1947, pertaining to labor unions — 78 26 168 188 193 203 10 21 22 33 65

D. Masons' assistants who have their own union — 91 11 56 163 190 18 29 158 46 128 155

E. A time when one's home is open to visitors — 127 177 109 74 202 146 182 229 122

F. A former president of Czecho-Slovakia — 142 69 232 134 102 221 8

G. One of our national parks — 180 185 75 87 147 89 223 195

H. A founder of Industrial Workers of the World — 189 224 133 45 201 207 218

I. Misadventures — 13 72 110 1 34 37 43 61 71

J. A business that relocates in order to avoid unionization of its employees — 194 39 67 82 25 85 105 123 161 167 135

K. In a reserved manner — 214 48 86 92 114 126 14 94 178 113

L. Mental capacity — 222 183 17 175 52 117 211 234 90

M. A co-author of an act of Congress, 1959, pertaining to labor unions — 121 47 77 144 212 153 199

N. Involuntary — 196 79 225 179 148 30 139 173 210

O. A foolish person — 5 16 32 35 41 76

P. Inspiring fear — 51 57 235 97 227 2 154

Q. Old Testament book which mentions water gate — 55 215 95 81 3 233 59 103

R. Organizations of workers — 80 108 54 129 136 149 159 6 42 70 83

S. What Hamlet accused his uncle-stepfather and his mother-stepaunt of — 107 150 174 96 49 160

T. A fort in New York Harbor is named for this general — 152 62 98 111 104 228

U. What a great deal of advertising consists of — 231 58 169 181 192 226 15 68 73 93

V. Ailing — 19 40 88 130 53 118

W. Where workers get low wages and have long hours and unfavorable working conditions — 27 24 162 99 197 165 115 141 206

X. Dwelling places — 84 119 217 166 50 198 38 100 187

Y. Where names of persons in disfavor with employers or labor unions appear — 171 132 124 145 60 112 213 219 7 44

Z. Electrically charged particles formed in a gas by electric discharge or the like — 184 143 120 157

a. A co-author of an act of Congress, 1959, pertaining to labor unions — 204 116 186 63 131 4 176

b. A co-author of an act of Congress, 1932, pertaining to labor unions — 208 156 28 170 64 137 106 151 164

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1560 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

1 I	2 P	3 Q	4 a	5 O	6 R	7 Y	8 F		9 A	10 C	11 D	12 B		13 I	14 K	15 U	16 O	17 L	18 D
19 V	20 A	21 C		22 C	23 A	24 W		25 J	26 C	27 W								34 I	
35 O	36 B	37 I	38 X		39 J	40 V	41 O	42 E	43 I	44 Y							49 S	50 X	51 P
52 L	53 V		54 R	55 Q	56 D		57 P	58 G	59 Q	60 Y		61 I	62 T	63 a	64 D	65 C		66 E	67 J
68 U	69 F	70 P	71 I		72 I	73 C	74 E	75 G	76 O	77 N	78 C	79 N	80 R	81 O		82 J		83 F	84 K
85 J	86 K	87 C		88 V	89 G	90 L	91 D	92 K	93 O		94 K	95 Q	96 S		97 P	98 T	99 W	100X	101B
	102F	103Q	104T	105J		106L	107S	108X	109E	110I	111T	112Y	113K		114K	115W	116a	117L	118V
119X	120Z	121M	122G		123J	124Y	125A	126K		127L	128O	129R	130V	131a	132Y	133H		134F	135J
136R	137b	138S	139N	140A	141M	142F		143Z	144M		145Y	146L	147S	148H	149X	150S	151b	152T	153M
154P	155O		156b	157Z		158J	159S		160C	161T	162W		163O	164b	165W	166X		167J	168T
	169U	170S	171Y	172A	173N	174C		175Z	176a	177E	178Y	179M	180S	181H		182E	183L	184T	185S
186a	187X		188C	189H	190D	191A		192U	193C	194J	195G	196N	197W	198X	199M		200S	201b	
202E	203O	204a	205B		206W	207R	208b	209A	210N	211I		212X	213Y	214R	215Q		216A	217X	218H
	219Y	220B	221F	222L	223S	224P	225N	226J	227F	228T		229L	230A	231H	232F	233Q	234L	235P	

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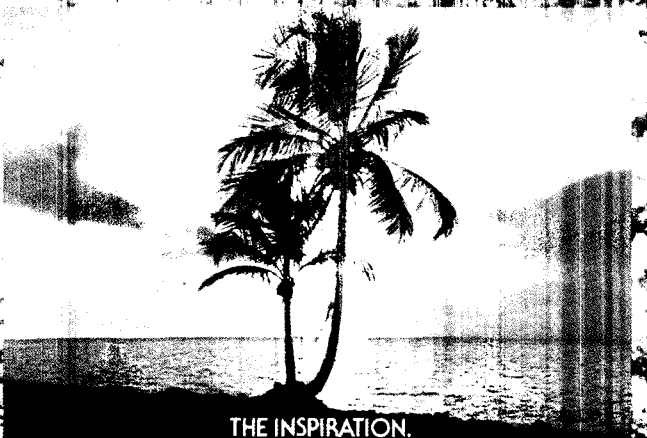

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